

The Sketch

No. 696.—Vol. LIV.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 30, 1906.

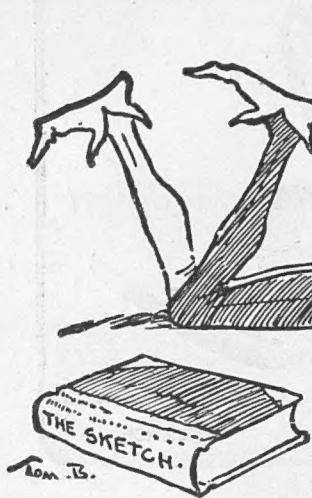
SIXPENCE.



NORWAY'S GREAT DRAMATIST AND POET: THE LATE HENRIK IBSEN.

BORN MARCH 20TH, 1828; DIED MAY 23RD, 1906.

From stereograph copyrighted by Underwood and Underwood, London and New York.



"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND"

London.

TRAVEL, say the wise ones, those who know, broadens the mind. What do we say, friend the reader, you and I? We have not travelled, maybe, very far. Opportunity makes the thief, and lack of opportunity makes the stay-at-home. You, therefore, have been here and there. So have I. That is to say, one has ransacked England and Wales, touched Scotland, wandered through Ireland, paid the usual visits to the usual parts of France, journeyed in Sweden, glanced at Finland, tarried a little while in Russia, had a look at Denmark, paid one's homage to Germany, dashed through Holland, and so home. But we have not, in the great sense of the word, travelled. Shall we be content, then, to write ourselves down as narrow-minded? Ridiculous! For we know, you and I, that the unobservant man may roam the wide world over and gain no breadth of mind thereby, whilst the observant man, during one short walk in this London of ours, may stretch his imagination, or his mind, or his intellect, or whatever they may care to call it, to breaking-point. "Bearing and losing," Rudyard Kipling makes the old country-woman say in "They," "opens the heart." Just as surely, watching and thinking broaden the mind. Stroll through the Strand with your sympathetic nerves a-tingling, and you will come near to reaping a greater harvest of the knowledge of life than you have the strength to carry.

It was in a little slum leading off a tributary of Oxford Street. An undersized man, ill-nourished but dressed in his Sunday clothes, formed the central figure of the meagre gathering. He was standing on a kind of humble, home-made rostrum. It looked as though a sugar-box had been persuaded to support the framework of a cucumber-frame. To the orator's left was the public-house, gaily lighted, its swing-doors never still a moment. In the foreground stood a policeman, stolid, stalwart, unimaginative, dignified, English to the nape of the neck. "That's where it is," shouted the undersized man. From his frenzied manner one might certainly have supposed, with every excuse, that he was drunk. "The workin'-man don't never 'ave a chance. Believe me, 'e don't never 'ave a chance. What's the reason of it? Do you know? Do I know? No! We don't none of us know. They say it's the drink. Well, that's true about some of us. And why is it true? Because we drink too much? No! Because the drink is downright rotten? Poisonous? Deadly? Crool? Yes! That's what it is. That's why they say the workin'-man drinks. And that's why, to a certain extent, the workin'-man don't 'ave no chance. I tell you, my friends, as sure as ever you're a-standin' 'ere this blessed night a-listenin' to wot I'm tryin' ter tell ver, the workin'-man don't 'ave no chance. . . ."

The landlord of the public-house appeared in the doorway, and it seemed advisable to the orator, one may presume, to change the topic. At any rate, he suddenly plunged into the question of education. The policeman, as became a man who had passed a stiff examination in reading and writing, smiled rather sardonically as he tugged at his moustache. "Now let us take," screamed the speaker, "the all-important question of eddication. It may seem to some of you, becos I stand up 'ere an' 'ave the courage ter speak my mind abaht the ills as is goin' on all arahnd us dye by dye, as I think meself better eddicated than the chaps as just sez nothing an' is content ter let things be as they always 'as been. But don't you go an' mike no such mistike! I know my limitaitions as well an' better than anybody can tell 'em to me. I know very well as there's a good many listening to wot I'm sayin' ter-night as could teach me a thing or two and not much trouble abaht it. Well, is that my fault? Nah! Is that the fault of my parints? Nah! Is it the fault of the moneyed clawses? Yes! An' why is it the fault o' the moneyed clawses? I'll tell you why it's the fault o' the moneyed clawses. Because

MOTLEY NOTES

By KEBLE HOWARD

("Chicot").



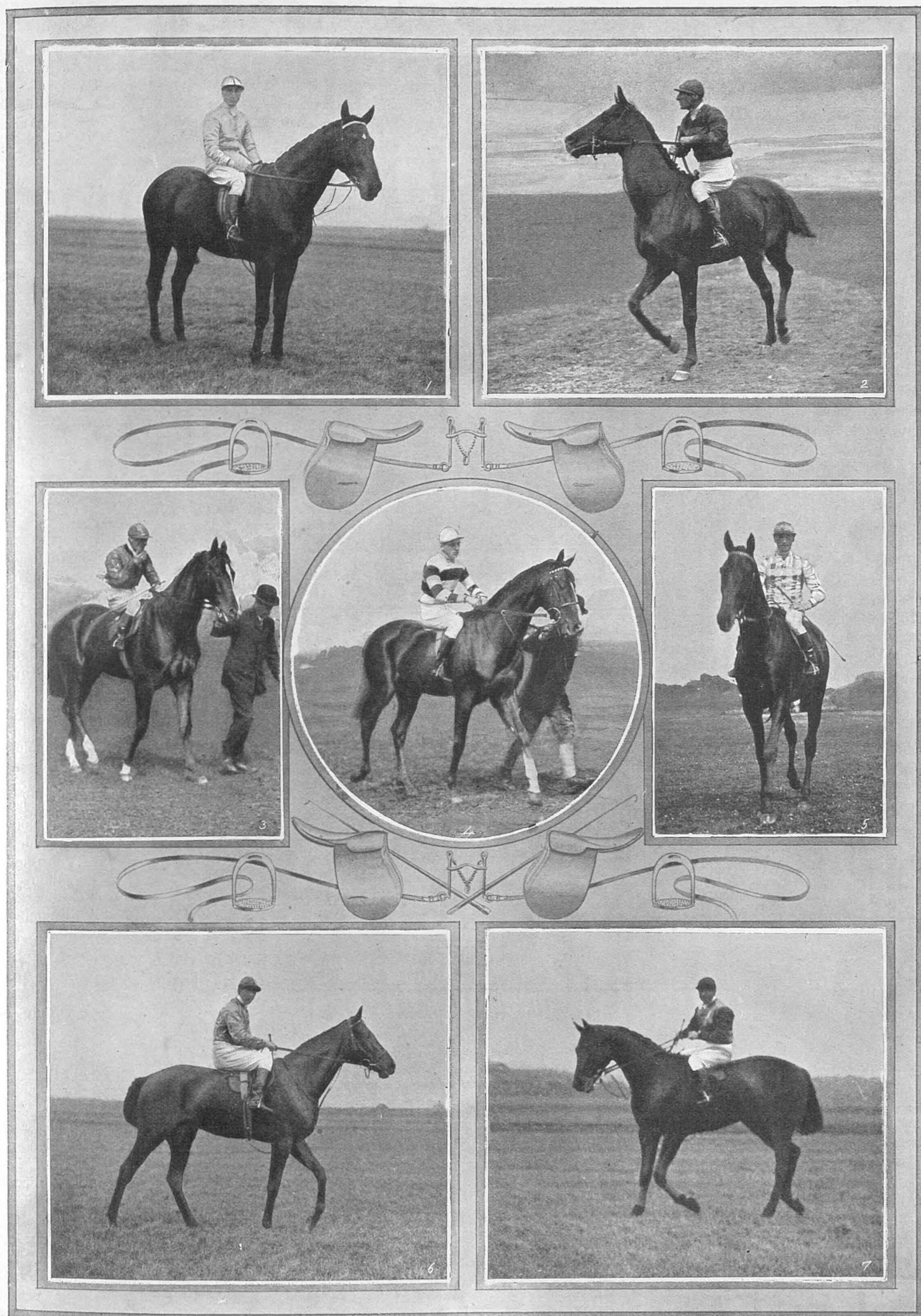
they think as the workin'-man isn't fit to know 'ow ter spell 'is own name; because they know very well as knollige is pahr, and they daresn't give us the pahr in caise we become too pahrful. That's the reason of it, my friends! . . ."

I walked away, musing on the type of mind that could find genuine pleasure in standing on a sugar-box in a tiny slum, and bawling out such meaningless and absolutely useless rubbish. It is egotistic mania, I suppose, that makes men behave in this way. That man on the sugar-box, arrayed in his Sunday clothes, would be insufferable, no doubt, if he were not allowed to relieve his passion for notoriety. One can see him beating his wife's head in with a hatchet, or going into Parliament. And his wife? What sort of a woman is she? I picture her as a large, comfortable, smiling woman, who appreciates the humour of the thing, and rejoices that her husband has no more expensive or pernicious hobby. That she is a good wife I am quite certain, for the man's clothes were in perfect order, and he was wearing a clean collar. As to his being ill-nourished, one must not be too ready to blame the wife for that. Look at our politicians, from Mr. Balfour to Winston Churchill—why does one never say "Mister Winston Churchill"?—and tell me how many of them are well nourished. No; there is evidently something rather attenuating in the frantic, overwhelming desire to make Empires and do good to one's fellow-man. Mr. Chamberlain, you will remember, is no Falstaff.

Do you enjoy your breakfast, friend the reader? If you don't—and I am almost sure you don't—you must be careful to say that you do. A number of splendid liars have been writing to the editor of a popular daily paper on the subject of breakfast. Here is the picture they draw of that most trying meal. "Breakfast," they say, "is the pleasantest and most wholesome meal of the day. Fourteen hours full of infinite possibilities lie before us: men and women, well groomed, well bathed, well dressed, alert and healthy, sit round a flower-decked table retailing news from their morning's letters and ready to discuss a dozen plans of occupation and amusement. This is the reality of the modern English breakfast-table, except in a very few country houses where neurotic or ill-tempered guests demand breakfast in their rooms." I repeat—splendid liars! Let me endeavour, in a very few lines, to give you a realistic picture of a typical English breakfast-table. And in doing so, let me add, I have no wish to depress. On the contrary, nothing is more cheering than the certain knowledge that, as we suffer, so suffer the others.

At the head of the table sits the daughter of the house. (The host has "breakfasted early," and the hostess is "a little over-tired.") On her right is the *ingénue* in a clean blouse—very fresh and talkative and troublesome. Next to her is the Oxford boy. Anticipating his manhood, he took too much whisky overnight, flirted clumsily, has a headache, feels rather unwell, and has been sent to Coventry. Next to the Oxford boy is the undesirable but necessary spinster. Her complexion is at its worst, but her brain is abnormally active. She takes a ghoulish delight in "stirring everybody up." Next to the spinster, somehow or other, are two empty seats, and then we come to the timid bachelor. Had he been in his own comfortable chambers, he would have taken his tea, toast, and newspapers in bed. As it is, he is toying with fat bacon, and the man opposite has secured the paper. Next to the bachelor—No! My courage, after all, fails me. I cannot continue with the dreary list. It is sufficient to say that fourteen hours of infinite miseries lie before them, that the morning's letters are full of news of the most private and unpleasant nature, and that they would all be far happier in their own rooms. If I were a hostess, I should never have the heart to expect anyone to appear before twelve o'clock. I would abolish the breakfast-table as a silly, old-fashioned convention.

POSSIBLE WINNERS OF THIS YEAR'S DERBY—
AND POSSIBLE LOSERS



1. MR. A. JAMES'S GORGOS. 2. MR. J. L. DUGDALE'S PICTON. 3. MR. E. L. HEINEMANN'S MALUA. 4. MR. W. B. PUREFOY'S LALLY.
5. MR. W. HALL-WALKER'S BLACK ARROW. 6. MR. J. A. DE ROTHSCHILD'S BEPO. 7. MR. W. BASS'S SANCY.

Photographs by Baker and Muggeridge.

THE CLUBMAN.

Wedding-Cake and the Derby—“A Great National Festival”—Clubmen and Potential Derby Winners—The Bushey Chestnuts—Hurlingham and Ranelagh—The Ritz.

PANEM ET CIRCENSES, wedding-cake and the Derby—we are very frivolous this week in Clubland. Never was bride sent more gaily to meet her bridegroom than was Princess Ena, for she is known and loved by the Londoners, and on the day of her departure every club in Piccadilly and St. James's Street and Pall Mall had hoisted its biggest Union Jack, and the streets of the great shops were gay with bunting, for the Princess had put the seal to her popularity by buying nearly all the articles of her trousseau within sound of Bow Bells. The Clubman raises his hat to you, fair English Princess, and wishes you many happy years of married life as Queen of Spain.

“A great national festival” Mr. Bottomley called the Derby when he suggested to the Prime Minister that the House should adjourn for its Whitsuntide holiday one day earlier than usual, in order that Members should see how Lally comes down the hill, and where Gorgos is when the historic corner is rounded. Sir Henry loves his little joke, and just as there was once a judge who pretended that he did not know who Miss Connie Gilchrist was, so now there is a Prime Minister who is unaware that the great race of the year is run at Epsom. Lord Rosebery must have smiled as he read of the incident.

Clubland takes more than an ordinary interest in the race this year, for the owners of all the favourites are well-known men in their respective sets. Mr. Purefoy is a retired cavalry captain, though he never uses his prefix of rank, and is a popular figure in the realms of theatredom as an hospitable director of the Gaiety Theatre; Mr. Arthur James is known and liked by everybody in Society, and Rugby would set the church-bells ringing if his horse were to win; Mr. Heinemann, very well known in Throgmorton Street and the Stock Exchange, will forget all its manifold troubles for a day if Malua's head comes first past the post—and so on through the whole list of owners having horses “in the betting.”

Two April days can hardly be said to make a May, but that the sun is shining as I write and great white cumuli are sailing across a blue sky, and that yesterday was almost warm and quite showery give a hope that spring is coming to us at last. The chestnut-trees in Bushey Park did not believe this May that the time of the frosts was past, and when the Londoners went down to see the avenues all dressed in nodding white on the Festival of the Viewing of the Chestnut-Blossoms, as our allies

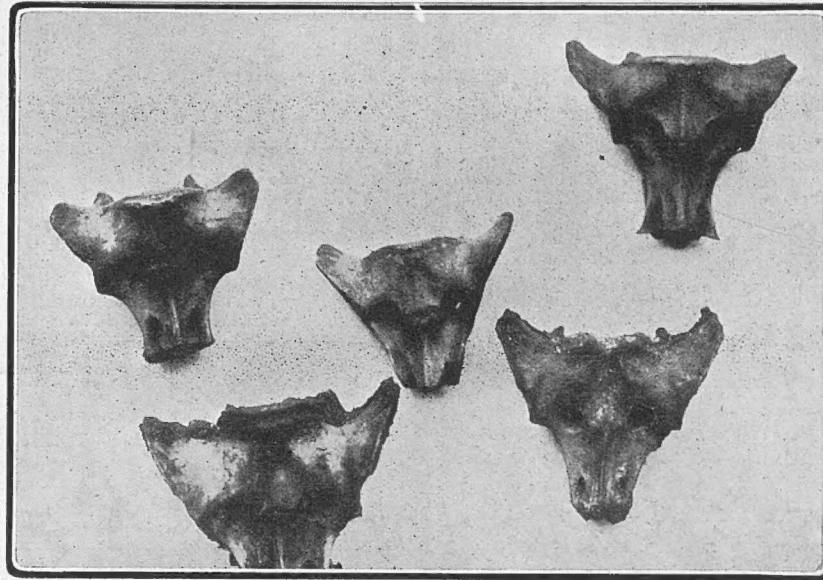
the Japanese would put it, they found only immature green plumes. Perhaps the trees reserved the freshness of their snowy spring attire for Princess Ena's wedding-day; at all events, they are in fullest bloom now, as those who drive to-day through the park on their way to Epsom will see.

The chestnuts are all a-bloom, too, on the lawns at Hurlingham, which, with its splendid rival, Ranelagh, must have suffered somewhat from the glacial commencement of the out-of-door season of the year. On a recent Saturday I saw men in their great-coats watching the polo, and many of the ladies had not yet discarded their winter gorgeousness for the light frippery of spring. Both the great open-air clubs have made striking improvements this year. The great white curve of hoarding which enclosed the pigeon-shooting lawn was always an eyesore at Hurlingham, and the popping of guns was not a pretty sound for the ladies to hear as they looked on at the polo.

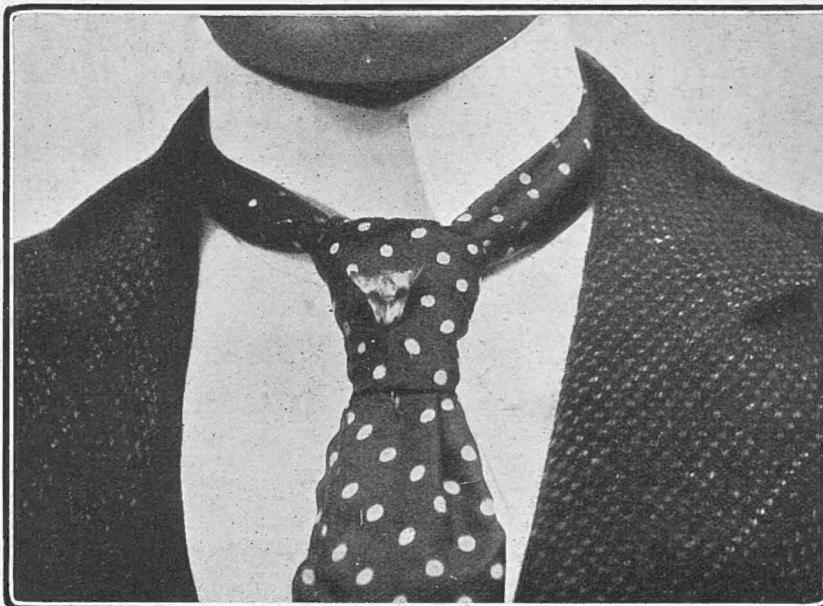
The great white half-circle has gone, a fine view has been opened up, and where the feathers of the dying doves were scattered on the turf are now a lawn-tennis court and embryo box-hedges which will enclose bowling-laws. The disappearance of pigeon-shooting from Hurlingham will be a death-blow, I hope, to that most ungentle sport.

At Ranelagh the expenditure on pink and white paint must have been phenomenal this year, for every shed, every post, every rail on the estate shines new-painted as bright as the proverbial pin. Royalty has taken the two clubs on each side of the river much into favour of late, and a royal pavilion by the polo-ground has become a necessary part of the outfit of each club. Ranelagh has built a very handsome little shelter, with a gilded crown surmounting its roof. The new outside dining-place is this year's supreme achievement at Ranelagh. I am told that the idea was taken from Versailles, and no doubt Marie Antoinette feasted in just such a charming enclosure on the evenings of summer days.

The poor little Austrian Princess who made such a tragic figure as Queen of France has left her dainty mark on many of the pleasure-places of the Western world. I am told that the golden garlands which hang from the electroliers in the restaurant of London's latest great hotel, the Ritz, were suggested by the decorations used at one of Marie Antoinette's flower-feasts. It is curious that the art of the period of the dirty-handed locksmith King and of a Queen whose mother had to rebuke her for not cleaning her teeth should be the most charming that the modern world has known. If I wanted to preach a sermon on modern luxury I think that I should take that great new room overlooking the Green Park, a room of marble and gilt metal, statuary and tapestry, as my text.



FOX-SKULLS IN RABBITS: A FREAK OF NATURE.

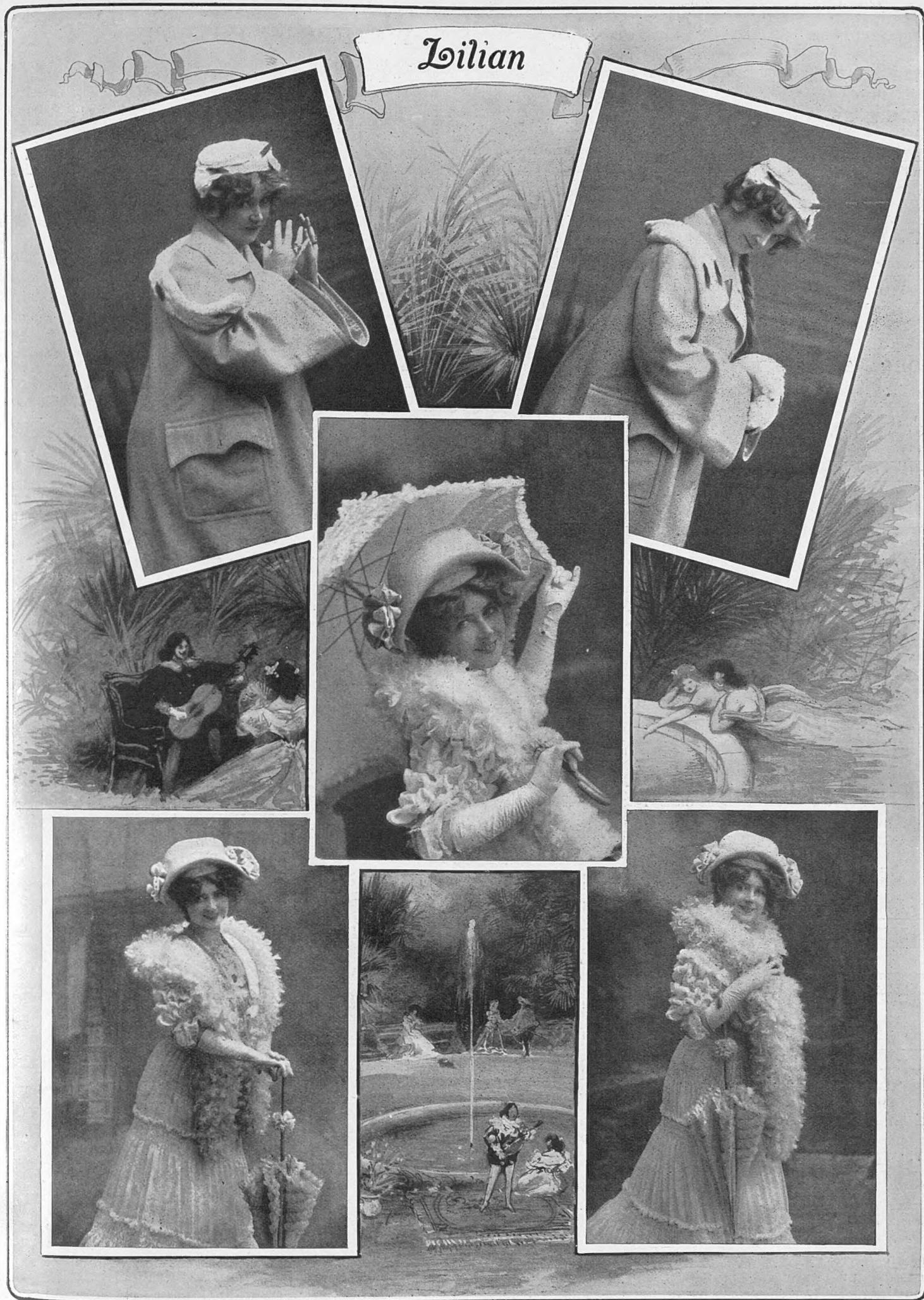


A RABBIT-BONE “FOX-SKULL” AS A TIE-PIN.

One particular bone in the rabbit's back bears an extraordinary resemblance to the skull of the fox, and it is only necessary to break off the over-long nose of this bone to get the basis of a “fox-skull” scarf-pin, likely to be popular with hunting-men. The counterfeit skulls are carefully pared with a knife, and then either polished or gilded.

Photographs by Clarke and Hyde.

“THE OTHER MAN'S BUSINESS.”



MISS LILIAN HUBBARD, WHO IS PLAYING TOPSY TEMPLE IN “THE OTHER MAN'S BUSINESS,”
AT THE GRAND THEATRE, FULHAM.

Miss Lilian Hubbard, who has begun a tour as leading lady in the farce, “The Other Man's Business,” has played many parts, but her stage experience has hitherto been chiefly in light opera and musical plays. She made her last London appearance as Jeannette in Mr. Willie Edouin's production of “Amorelle,” at the Comedy. Immediately after this she began a long tour in South Africa, as prima donna in Messrs. Sass and Nelson's répertoire company, playing such parts as Violet Gray in “The Belle of New York” and Mimosa in “The Geisha.”—[First two photographs by Bacon; others by the Dover Street Studios.]

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SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

lions interspersed with white enamel Maltese crosses, and as there are at least ninety Grand Crosses, most of whom will be present, it certainly ought to be a cheerful spectacle. It would be gayer still if the fiat had not gone forth that these birds of beauteous plumage are not to wear the chapeau, which, we may remark, is of blue satin, lined with scarlet, and surmounted with white and black ostrich feathers. A procession of Knights in full dress up Ludgate Hill would be a most striking and popular pageant, but we sadly fear that in this prosaic age they will be content to drive up in mufti and hansom cabs and robe themselves within the Cathedral.

King Edward as a Gentleman Jockey. The King, who gives his Derby Day dinner to the members of the Jockey Club this evening, is a fitting host—qualified as twice a Derby winner; qualified, too, by the little-known fact that he is himself a winning jockey. When stationed at the Curragh Camp, the King, as Prince of Wales, rode his own horse, Rupee, an easy winner in a military steeplechase. He was initiated into the mysteries of Derby preparations earlier than most people know. Three-and-twenty years ago he paid his first visit to Kingsclere to witness a private trial. Lest the censorious should lift up their voices, the whole thing was kept secret. The Prince left Waterloo, unobserved, by the 9 a.m. train, was hurried at Overton into a closed carriage by John Porter, driven to the Downs, and there met by Lord Alington and Sir Frederick Johnstone, who had hacks waiting for him and the trainer. Horses mounted, they rode to the starting-post, and saw St. Blaise, Incendiary,

Shotover, Geheimniss, and Energy given a trial at Derby pace. It was a sporting thing for owners to do, to race their horses in this manner. It enabled them to forecast the result, for St. Blaise won easily from Incendiary and Shotover. The King came back, after lunch, unobserved as he went.

L s. d. of the Derby and Oaks.

To the man who wins the Derby or Oaks no sum seems heavy; the man who secures no prize may

be disposed to count the cost. His outlay at the actual meeting does not seem excessive viewed from the minimum. For each horse and attendant he pays about £15 for the meeting, apart, of course, from fares; the fee to the jockey is, nominally, three guineas for the mount, an additional couple of guineas for a win, and a similar sum for riding trials. That is the nominal minimum, but there are such things as £5000 per annum merely as jockeys' retainers. The owners' box on the Grand Stand accounts for £60; for the training of the horses there is a fee of 150 guineas per annum, plus £7 a year tax for Newmarket Heath. After his race a Derby winner may fetch, as Flying Fox fetched, anything up to £40,000; but in paying high prices there is always the danger that there may crop up another Blink Bonny,



A CALLER ON THE PREMIER: ONE OF THE LANCASHIRE SUFFRAGETTES WHO VISITED SIR HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN THE OTHER DAY.

The deputation of Suffragettes who called upon Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman included several representatives of Lancashire, and one at least of these wore her working costume. It was this lady who, after the Premier "regretted the little drop of cold water he had to introduce," stood upon a chair and exclaimed, "We are not satisfied." The deputation was received in the Foreign Office.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.

daughter of a farm mare, to bowl over the élite of equine aristocracy.

A Liberal Wit. One of the wittiest speeches of the Session was delivered by Mr. Crombie, the member for Kincardineshire, in opposition to the encroachment of the smokers on the Library. Mr. Crombie is a manufacturer in Aberdeen, but his interests are not confined to politics and business. He is the author of "Some Poets of the People in Foreign Lands." His speeches have a literary flavour, and even although his jokes may be called "Scotch" by rival wits, they are none the worse for that. Mr. Crombie is one of the few members who would be heard with pleasure by the House more frequently than they care to speak. He has the appearance of a very delicate man, but does not spare himself in his attention to Parliamentary duties. He is married to the daughter of another Scottish member, tall and genial Mr. Eugene Wason.



THE SCENE OF THE KING'S VISIT TO THE EARL OF SANDWICH: HINCHINGBROOKE, HUNTINGDON.
According to present arrangements, the King is to visit the Earl of Sandwich from the 8th until the 11th of June. Lord Sandwich's residences are, in addition to Hinchingbrooke, Hooke Court, Beaminster, Dorset, and 18, Buckingham Gate, S.W.

Photograph by Maddison and Hinde.

Great Ladies of the Spanish Court. The new Queen of Spain will find herself the central figure of a most stately and graceful Court. Of particular interest among the noble ladies who belong by right of birth and station to that brilliant assemblage are the Marquesa de Caso Pavo and the Marquesa de Villaveija. In Spain, as in other constitutional countries, the Crown, of course, stands above political parties, showing



A GREAT LADY OF THE SPANISH COURT: THE MARQUESA DE CASO PAVO.
Photograph by Alice Hughes.

equal favour to all, even to the small group of theoretical Republicans! The Marquesa de Caso Pavo, whose husband has had the honour of filling, with the Duke of Santo Mauro and the Marques de Pidal, the office of Vice-President of the Spanish Senate, or Upper House, thus belongs as of right to the most interesting political society of Madrid. She will no doubt be among the first to be presented to the new Queen, the more so that she is actually related to one of her future Majesty's Ladies-in-Waiting.

The Marquesa de Villaveija. The Marquesa de Villaveija is, of course, particularly interested in and delighted with the alliance which her Sovereign is making, for she is well acquainted with England and English people. Her husband is a keen and enthusiastic polo-player, and every year they come to England and take a house, usually at Wimbledon, which is an excellent centre for this splendid sport.

The St. Cyriens' Great Coat. General de Cary, who has just been placed in supreme command of the troops at Brest, passed out of the college of St. Cyr as the head of his year, and was badly wounded at Buzenval in the Franco-German War. But he has a further claim to remembrance, for it is to him that the St. Cyriens owe the fact that they are allowed to wear great-coats. At one of the Emperor Napoleon's parties at Compiègne just before the war, M. de Cary, who was then a sergeant-major of the college, was among the guests. One day when it was freezing hard the Empress asked the boy why he did not wear his top-coat, and was told that the St. Cyriens did not possess them. The Empress was so shocked at the idea of the cadets being less warmly dressed than the private soldiers that she persuaded the Emperor to order that for the future the St. Cyriens should be provided with the infantry great-coat.

The Matinée Hat in Paris. The question of the little hat in the theatres is being discussed with all the gravity that the Parisians give to frivolous matters. Society women have been moved to form a league which vows to wear the bonnet, and nothing but the bonnet, when at the play; but, unfortunately, the fair leaguers are not universally followed by their sex. Hence you may see in the theatres a row of women with tiny chapeaux resting upon their tresses, and, in front of them, women wearing the

most monumental coiffures. It is difficult, where lovely woman is concerned, to get reformers to march together. Moreover, the directors of the theatres are not as united as they should be. Some show a lamentable lukewarmness in the good cause. "It is for the ladies to decide," they say; "and, after all, they look extremely picturesque in their big, Gainsborough-like creations." But why should they hesitate? It is easy enough to institute a reform—to abolish, in fact, the chapeau altogether. One has simply to imitate the Swiss theatre-manager who posted this notice in his theatre: "Only elderly ladies are allowed to wear hats." The effect was instantaneous: there was not a hat to be seen in the auditorium.

A King and his Sacred Ballet. Sisowath, King of Cambodia, is on the way to France, where he hopes to arrive in the early days of June. His visit is later than was anticipated, for he had to await the cineration of the body of his predecessor, Norodom. During the period that intervenes between death and burning all loyal Cambodians wear mourning and shave their heads. This rule applies even to the sacred dancers of the Court; they sacrificed their locks in memory of Norodom. The period having elapsed, Sisowath and his joyous ladies—fifty of the prettiest he could find in all Cambodia and Siam—are steaming towards *la belle France*. At the Colonial Exhibition at Marseilles the little ladies will dance their strange symbolic dances under the benevolent and attentive eye of the King himself. Sisowath wears European costume, and even a top-hat, on occasion, but he prefers the glory of his native dress. The colour changes according to the days of the week, thus: Violet for Tuesday, deep yellow for Wednesday, green for Thursday, white for Friday, and black for Saturday. The King is an adept on horseback, but the elephant is his favourite "mount."

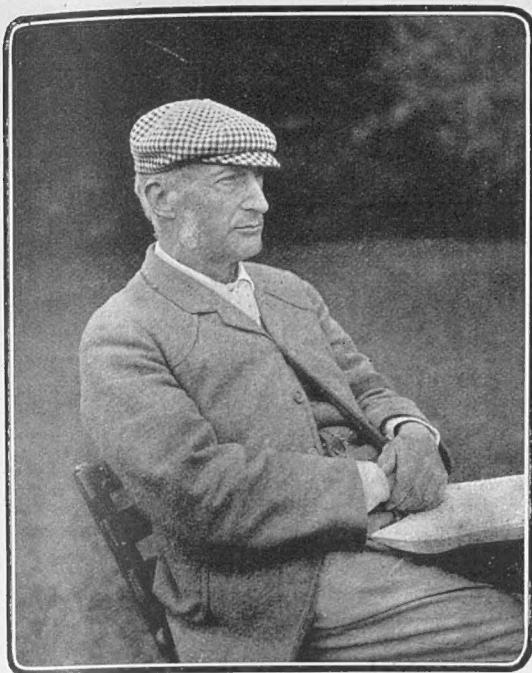
An Elephant's Joke. "No beast," said the Latin grammar of our childhood, "is more sagacious than the elephant."

But a story from Michigan has raised fearful doubts, and we suspect it will have to be altered to "No beast is as wise as the elephant looks." It is true that the Michigan animal had graduated in a circus, but that was no excuse for his "holding up" a train, full, you may be sure, of Americans eager to get on. With ill-timed levity, the great beast filled his trunk with water from a



A GREAT LADY OF THE SPANISH COURT: THE MARQUESA DE VILLAVEJIA AND HER CHILDREN.
Photograph by Alice Hughes.

tank and deluged the driver and stoker so that they hurriedly left the cab. An unfortunate spectator was so highly amused at this performance that the elephant gave him a trunkful, with the result that he rolled down an embankment and received fatal injuries. But the elephant did not care; he went on squirting till he had drained the tank. There may be a "wrinkle" here for the management of the Hippodrome.



THE ELECTION PETITION QUESTION: MR. JUSTICE
GRANTHAM.

Photograph by Reeves.

bered what a great impetus he gave to the movement for building country cottages for the working classes. He even suffered prosecution before the County Magistrates at the instance of the local authority because of his resistance to their ridiculous regulations. The Judge is a capital horseman. He has a son who is Recorder of Deal, and who is one of the most travelled of our younger barristers.

The Kaffir Boy's Postscript. They do say, those horrid men, that to get to the point of a lady's letter you need only look at the postscript. But it is certainly true of a little Kaffir boy who wrote a long letter to his missionary on leave in England, winding up with: "P.S.—I have no trousers, as mine are broken. Still, I am not asking; I am only reporting." Let us hope he got them, and some moral pocket-handkerchiefs thrown in.

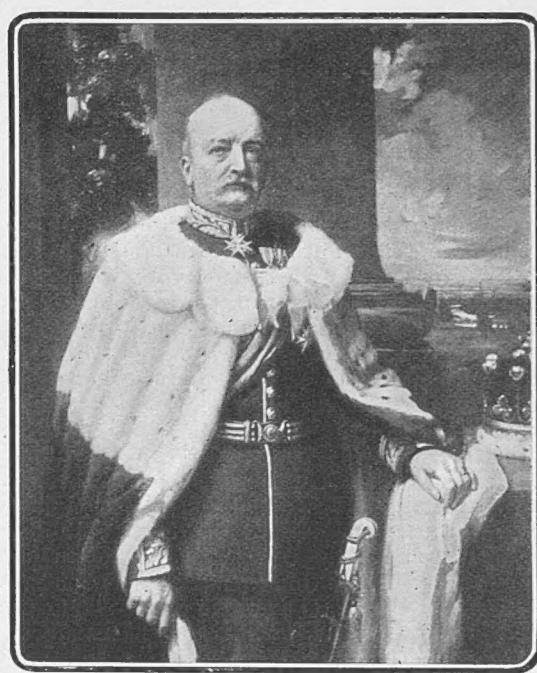
A Lucky Little Boy. The King's latest page, Master Edward Hardinge, may be said to have been born in the purple, for both his parents are *personæ gratae* at Court. Sir Charles Hardinge won golden opinions during the time he was our Ambassador at St. Petersburg, and Lady Hardinge, as one of the pretty and accomplished Miss Sturts, was an intimate girlish friend of the Sovereign's three daughters. The royal pages have many pleasant privileges and few duties. They are in attendance on their royal master at all the more important State ceremonials, and are the playfellows of the King's grandchildren. Master Hardinge, as his name (Edward) implies, is one of his Majesty's godsons.

The King's Lord Sandwich Host. is to be the King's host at Hinchingbrooke House from the 8th until the 11th of June, is one of the most cultivated and agreeable of bachelor Peers. Nay, more, he is one of those men who "do good by stealth and blush to find it fame." During the South African War he

"And a Good Judge, Too!"

Mr. Justice Grantham, who has been trying Election petitions of late, and giving the Commons much to talk about, is one of the most picturesque personalities on the Judicial Bench. Although he has passed the three-score years and ten of the Psalmist, he enjoys the most vigorous health, and is never so well pleased as when living the life of a country squire at his Sussex place near Lewes. In this connection it will be remembered that a great impetus he gave to the movement for building country cottages for the working classes. He even suffered prosecution before the County Magistrates at the instance of the local authority because of his resistance to their ridiculous regulations. The Judge is a capital horseman. He has a son who is Recorder of Deal, and who is one of the most travelled of our younger barristers.

entertained wounded and invalided officers at his beautiful historic country seat, and many a brave soldier owes to him recovered health and the power to carry on the fight. The owner of Hinchingbrooke is very musical; no mean performer himself, he delights in entertaining musicians, both famed and obscure, and he has many devoted friends in the artistic world. Of late years Lord Sandwich has made some interesting additions to his country home, and the place, both indoors and out, is wonderfully stately and beautiful, while the library is noted among bibliophiles.



TO ENTERTAIN THE KING: THE EARL OF SANDWICH.

From a Painting by Ellis Roberts.



THE KING'S NEW PAGE: MASTER EDWARD HARDINGE.

Photograph by Alice Hughes.

presenting plastically the clear-cut profile of Mr. Chamberlain and the rugged "beardiness" of the Right Hon. John Burns. There are some wonderful pipe collections in France that have a distinct historic interest. For one its owner has just refused £240.

Presidents in Pipeclay.

Celebrity runs to pipeclay in France. In many parts of the country you

may come across Boulanger pipes, in which the features of the General grow blacker every day in the mouths of peasant admirers. The homage is appropriate enough, is it not? since Boulanger was a clay Cæsar. M. Fallières is also fashioned in clay, but he is not an easy subject for the modeller; neither is M. Loubet, whose image is still plentiful enough in its form of wooden, clay, or meerschaum bowl. Both he and the actual President possess an abundance of hair upon the forehead, and a liberal allowance of moustache and beard, creating difficulties in the mould. Félix Faure, almost bald and clean-shaven, was the man for the pipe-modellers. His features were reproduced in various guises, sometimes bare-headed, sometimes crowned with a *képi* or a top-hat, with a monocle in the right eye. It is just the difference between pre-



LAND AT OVER A MILLION AN ACRE: THE L.C.C.'S PURCHASE IN FULHAM.

The L.C.C. has apparently excelled its own extravagance—a feat by no means easy of accomplishment—by purchasing about a seventeenth of an acre of land in connection with the improvement of Fulham Palace Road and High Street, Fulham, for £64,000, exclusive of legal and other costs. This price works out at the rate of £1,088,000 an acre. The land is about a fourth of the site of the King's Head public house. The Council's purchase included the entire leasehold interest and the license.—[Photograph by Topical Agency.]

A British Queen of Spain. This week sees accomplished one of the most romantic and unexpected of transformations, that of a Princess truly English by birth, and wholly so by upbringing, into Queen-Consort of Spain. The heartiest and most earnest of good wishes accompany the royal bride to her new country, and to conditions which cannot but seem strange, and we may even venture to add awe-inspiring to a Princess brought up in the Isle of Wight, and knowing nothing of Continental Court life.

Her Majesty, as we must soon call her, is fortunate in having had the privilege, so often denied to royal maidens, to be the heroine of a very charming pre-nuptial romance, and of possessing the devoted affection of her youthful bridegroom.

The Bridegroom-Elect.

It seems almost impossible to realise that King Alfonso is wedding; but yesterday we were hearing the stories of his baby days and ways:

to-day he is lord of nineteen million people, of 190,000 square miles of territory, and of an army of 120,000 men. He has a Civil List of £280,000 a year; he has palaces and treasures and private wealth, and, dearest prize of all, five-score of the finest horses in the world, including a battle charger which Lord Roberts had with him throughout those stern days of the South African War and presented to his Majesty. The bridegroom has known little of the sorrows of kingship as yet, though twice the assassin's hand has been raised against him. He retains still the wilful impetuosity of the boy. This was exemplified by a blazing indiscretion which he proposed to perpetrate in the form of a letter to the Powers, forbidding the attendance for the future of foreign

Military Attachés at Spanish manoeuvres; and again, in a personal matter, when, a few months ago, he calmly skipped into a balloon and attempted to soar away unattended. In both cases wiser counsels prevailed against his will, and his bride owes thanks to his wary advisers.

The Bride's In the case of Romance.

Princess Ena, it may almost be said of the bridegroom that "he hath exalted the humble and meek." It was only last August that her Royal Highness made her débüt. Her father was the issue of a morganatic marriage between Prince Alexander of Hesse and a Mlle. Hauke, of Warsaw; and Princess Ena, though a grandchild of Queen Victoria, has been regarded on the Continent—at the Berlin Court, at any rate—as merely a noblewoman with whom no European Prince would ally himself, except morganatically. But this is a love-match; we have the word of the Empress Eugénie for that. The

Empress's mother was a Maid-of-Honour at the Spanish Court; the Empress herself a close friend of the late King of Spain and his Consort. Princess Ena is her favourite godchild, and will, it is supposed, inherit the greater part of her wealth. She will not go unprovided to

Spain. The Cortes has voted her £18,000 a year, and she has a wealthy mother. Princess Henry received £30,000 dowry from Parliament and £100,000 from Queen Victoria at her wedding, while at

GENERAL KUROKI.



ADMIRAL TOGO.

her mother's death she benefited under the royal will to the extent of about half-a-million sterling.

"Piropos" for a Princess.

When a Spaniard wishes to be very polite to a lady he sends her "piropos," or, in English, flattering compliments. The Spaniards as a nation are so taken with Princess Ena that they have determined to make the sending of "piropos" to her a national thing, and for this purpose a committee has been formed to arrange for the despatch to her of thousands and thousands of beautiful postcards, with inscriptions written in the gallant rhetoric and pompous metaphors which the Spaniards know so well how to compose and deliver. Ten thousand of the best of these postcards will be collected and placed in albums and presented to Princess Ena by a committee of ladies, to tell her that all Spain is "enamorada" of its charming future Queen.



MARSHAL OYAMA.



THE TSARITSA AS A RUSSIAN "F.C.G.": THE EMPRESS OF RUSSIA AND SOME OF HER CARICATURES OF JAPANESE FIGHTING-MEN.

According to a Russian correspondent, the Empress of Russia is a caricaturist of no mean order, and that same correspondent sends us the illustrations that appear on this page. He states that he is unable to guarantee the accuracy of the statement that the drawings here reproduced are the work of the Tsaritza, although he informs us that a Russian paper of repute published them alleging them to be so.



GENERAL OKU.

"The Apostle of the Genteels."

The Pilgrims last night (Tuesday, May 29) entertained the Bishop of New York at dinner, with "Bobs" in the chair. Bishop Potter is a characteristically American prelate, who is almost as well known in London as in New York. He comes of the family known as "the lucky Potters," and his father and his uncle were both bishops before him. He was formerly rector of Grace Church, the most fashionable church in New York, where he did remarkable work, and where he was facetiously nicknamed "The Apostle of the Genteels." The implied reproach, however, is undeserved, as he has shown since he became Bishop of New York. A man of sterling character and noble ideals, he has at various times gone forth to do valiant battle with Tammany Hall. He is building a remarkable Cathedral, where there will be chapels enabling eight services to be conducted simultaneously in eight different languages! Nothing could better illustrate the cosmopolitan character of New York. It is not generally known that the Bishop is the father-in-law of Mrs. Brown-Potter.

"Thou Art the Man."

The host of regimental dinners with which the social diary teems this week recalls the story of one of the most dramatic dinner-scenes on record. Tennyson's father was dining in St. Petersburg with Lord St. Helens, who was entertaining a number of distinguished Russian military men. Conversation turned distantly upon the death of the Emperor Paul. "Why this hesitancy?" said Tennyson. "Everybody in England knows that he was murdered; knows that it was Count So-and-So who killed him." There

was an appalling silence, and St. Helens, as soon as he could, got his countryman out of the room. "Ride for your life," he said. "You must not stay in this city. The man across whom you leaned when you named the murderer of the Emperor Paul was the very Count So-and-So, the murderer himself! Fly!" Tennyson took horse and fled, fled for week after week, until he dropped down raving in the Crimea. There mad fanatics danced about his bed with magical incantations, and every now and then he started from his uneasy couch to catch the sound of the post-horn blown by the courier who,

once every three months, passed that way to carry passengers to the coast. He did hear it, and escaped with him, passing the barriers as the Duke of York, and so safely to England.

Monkey Talk.

Paris is much interested in the project of the University of Chicago (if we are to believe certain of the American journals) to found a chair for the teaching of the monkey language. A certain number of chimpanzees and orang-outangs will be brought from Central Africa and installed in the amphitheatre of the Faculty of Philology. Paris prides itself on having pioneered in the study of the monkey tongue. Years ago, a certain Dr. Garnier, after a long period of study, drew up a dictionary of the simial vocabulary. It consisted of exactly thirty words; in that short list a clever monkey can talk as much scandal as it wants. Evidently this is one of our inferiorities to the so-called lower creation. It takes us several hundred different words to express our opinion of our neighbour. Yet animals are often so intelligent that we have no need to learn their language: they learn ours. The other day, an elephant which had performed badly on the stage was reproached by its trainer when behind the scenes. Merely under the influence of his words, the elephant wept tears—real tears.



GENERAL NOGI.



GENERAL NODZU.

STATUES IN STRANGE CLAY.

LIVING BRONZES AT THE LONDON HIPPODROME.



AACHEN WITH THE BODY OF PATROCLUS—AFTER THE ANTIQUE.



THE MARATHON MESSENGER—AFTER MAX KRUSE.



A BATTLE SCENE.



THE ATLAS GROUP—AFTER ERNST WENK.

The three Olympiers opened at the London Hippodrome on Monday last, representing some of the finest bronze figures in classical art. By means of a secret process, the artists' bodies are coated with a preparation of bronze, and this, combined with the extraordinary rigidity they maintain, makes their representation of famous statues particularly realistic.



By E. A. B.

Cupid at Court. "Look down, you gods; And on this couple drop a blessed crown!" The words or their equivalent will be on the lips of all Britain and Spain over the marriage of the young King of Spain and his bonny bride. The wedding should be none the less happy from its taking the ordinary course. Princess Isabella, great-aunt of the bridegroom, preferred a midnight flight and hasty marriage with the dashing, handsome Count Gurowski; but the sequel was tragedy. Her sister was wooed and won by a rhyming adventurer from Havana, and, like the Princess Elvira, also of the royal house of Spain, who fled with a poor artist, lived to lament poverty's conquest of love. On the Battenberg side it was Prince Alexander who married a dancer. He, unlike some other Princes, had the courage to proclaim his marriage and defy the frowns of great and august relatives. And uncloudedly happy the match proved. Of royal weddings upon which fate has turned unkindly eye, two appalling tragedies stand out—the tragedy which left the Crown Princess of Austria-Hungary the widow of a man whose death is an awful secret; and the tragedy of that poor soul, sister of King Leopold, whose heart broke and mind was darkened, when Europe stood by while her husband, the Emperor Maximilian, was shot like a common malefactor in Mexico.

The Romance of the Derby. Predecessors of to-day's race have served the novelist and playwright full oft as pegs upon which to hang their stories. The race itself originated in romance. A daughter of the eleventh Earl of Derby loved a wild, harum-scarum lad, natural son of Lord Bingley, and, in spite of parental frowns, eloped with him. The young people set up house in a little place called The Oaks, in the parish of Woodmansterne, near Banstead Downs. The house, a pretty old place, had fallen from private possession into the hands of a varlet who had used it as an inn. But the lovers converted it to its former use, and seem to have made it a covetable dwelling, for when the bride, consequent upon financial difficulties, was driven to seek the forgiveness of her father, the latter took over The Oaks. It descended to his grandson, who gave its name to the race which has since become famous, won that race, and to celebrate it, founded and gave his title to that which half the world goes to-day to Epsom for to see.

Derby Fortunes and Failures.

There is always a Derby suicide, they say. Hermit's victory meant the breaking of men—perhaps of hearts, too. The victory brought the owner of the winning horse a fortune in six figures, but the spoils were dear only as having been won from the man who had stolen his bride-elect. There were some shatterings over Gladiateur's win. Three men

dropped £100,000 between them; another took, and won, £24,000 to a bottle of champagne. King Edward, who, as Prince of Wales, was destined twice to win the Derby, first saw the race on canvas—in Mr. Frith's famous painting. The artist, making his sketch upon the spot, was witness of one of the inevitable tragedies. The race had been run, and he turned aside to peer into a booth where refreshments were being taken. A man with his fingers smothered with rings was

eating a pie. He suddenly turned from his meal, and with his knife sawed horribly at his throat. He had backed a loser. "The fool's lost his money," was the only comment of one with the suicide.

The Emperor Menelik as a Faith-Healer.

Faith-healing, which the charge against a well-known Christian Scientist

renders so prominent at the moment, has a high priest, it may not be commonly known, in the Emperor Menelik. Upon the occasion of the visit of Sir Rennell Rodd's mission to his Court, Menelik explained how his people cured themselves of snake-bite. The bitten man, if himself unable to go, despatches a friend to the Emperor, and so takes his medicine by proxy. Now, while he recognised that such a method of treatment could not, theoretically, be effective, Menelik declared that he had seen so many cures worked by this means that he could not but believe that there was something in it. His visitors suggested that it might be a case of faith-healing, and the Emperor agreed that this must after all be the explanation. Not that he believes in sorcery. He told Sir Rennell Rodd that the

thing he had chiefly desired to see was a Röntgen rays apparatus. Sir Rennell explained that he had feared to take one lest it should be looked upon as magic. Menelik laughed heartily, and admitted that in the preceding reign it would have been so designated by the priests.

Scotched, Not Killed.

Owen was a prophet. When *Punch* sang: "Who killed the sea-serpent?" I, said Professor Owen," he merely remarked, "Scotched, not killed." He was right. Its head is up again this year, large as ever, and with a moustache added to its other attractions. Never non-existent beast, bird, or fish died so hard as this. They nearly badgered Owen to death over sea-serpents. The Prince Consort, the Duke of Northumberland, Admiral Sir Charles Napier, and bigwigs at the Admiralty all sent him drawings and details, and begged him to admit that sea-serpents are. He was inexorable. That famous beast seen and sworn to by the officers of H.M.S. *Dedalus* was nothing but the head and track of a great seal or sea-lion; the Admiralty's was an optical illusion—two whales, which, in the circumstances described, had the appearance of a sea-serpent.



FROM THE HEIR TO THE THRONE OF RUSSIA TO THE HEIR TO THE THRONE OF ITALY—A MUG.

A correspondent in St. Petersburg sends us the photograph here reproduced, stating that the little gold-and-enamelled mug shown was recently sent from Russia to Italy as a gift from the baby Tsarevitch to his "little brother," the baby Prince of Piedmont.



MILLIONAIRES COMPELLED TO LUNCH IN THEIR PRIVATE OFFICES: A SCENE IN WALL STREET.

A number of American millionaires have recently taken to lunching in their offices, some of them employing highly paid chefs, others cooking for themselves. The reason is not that they wish to economise time, but, it is said, because a good many of them dare not leave their offices unless they are well guarded, and do not care to go to this trouble more often than is necessary.

⊕ ⊕ OUR WONDERFUL WORLD! ⊕ ⊕



A LIVING DEATH INSTEAD OF DEATH AT THE EXECUTIONER'S HANDS: CRIMINALS ON THEIR WAY TO BECOME ATTENDANTS IN A LEPER COLONY.

The Sultan has founded a colony for lepers in the South of Morocco, and he obtains his attendants for the afflicted people from men who have broken the laws of the country and have been given the choice of summary execution or a living death among the lepers. Our photograph shows a party of criminals on their way to the colony.



WILL LONDON LADIES ADOPT THE MOSLEM VEIL?

A fashion-gossiper in "The World" states that it is possible that London ladies will soon take to wearing a transparent veil drawn, Moslem-fashion, about the lower part of the face and thrown over the shoulder. We here depict a Turkish lady wearing the veil.



FROM PRINCE OF JOCKEYS TO SCULLION.

For some time past the American papers have been full of details of the life of Tod Sloan, the famous jockey who was warned off the turf some considerable while ago. In his time he made a princely income, but he is now said to be acting as scullion at a fifth-rate restaurant in America.



AN ACTRESS WHO IS TO GIVE "WASP PARTIES": MLLÉ. LEONOFF.

According to the "Viedomosti," Mlle. Leonoff has taken to keeping wasps in a corner of her garden, and it is stated that when the wasp season arrives she will add a variant to the conventional book or quotation tea by giving "wasp parties" to her fashionable friends.



BEARS WHO HAVE INHERITED £200 A-PIECE: THE BEARS OF BERN.

The famous bears of Bern, long pensioners of the Swiss capital, have inherited £200 each, on the understanding that the Municipal Fathers will accept and administer the money. The bears' benefactor made his fortune in America, but spent the latter part of his life in Switzerland, and devoted many hours a day to watching his animal friends in the historic Bärengraben.

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")

"THE WHIRLWIND"—"SHORE ACRES"—"THE PIONEERS"—"THE LION AND THE MOUSE"—
"BOY O'CARROLL."

PREMIERES on five successive nights seem rather to have got on the nerves of the critics, and the fact that Mrs. Patrick Campbell's comparatively short programme did not end till past midnight was something in the nature of the last straw—a last straw which did not show quite accurately which way "The Whirlwind" blew. It is by no means a brilliant work, there being far too much wind and too little whirl. Still, some of the terms, such as "extremely tedious" and "very dull," are unjust. I believe that if the time-table had been better arranged the evening would have interested most people, though there is nothing in the affair to cause enthusiasm, and neither depth of thought nor skill in treatment sufficient to make up for the ugliness of the subject. It is a great pleasure to see Mrs. Campbell again, even in a play unworthy of her—one, too, in which actresses with little of her strange gifts and qualities might create bigger theatrical effects. For the drama, like another of M. Bernstein's, reminds me of the old-fashioned Italian opera, with its few carefully regulated tit-bits and long intervening passages of recitative, during which the audience, in Italy at least, pay calls, gossip, and flirt. However, Mrs. Campbell, though her voice at first seemed a little tired, is in good form, and as irresistibly beautiful as ever. Mr. W. L. Courtney's charming play, "Undine," can hardly be judged by the sample presented to us. Moreover, the absurdity of the supernatural effects put us out of mood. The singing of the water-sprite's sisters gave the idea that some of Mr. Stedman's choirboys were being spanked for misconduct. Perhaps insufficient allowance has been made for the difficulty of Mr. Frank Worthing's part in the main piece. One could see, on looking closely, that he was endeavouring to express what the author has not made obviously manifest—namely, the fact that Carlton was so deeply concerned with his own affairs as to be rather worried—even bored—by the gushing attentions of Lady Ellingham. His acting seemed to me decidedly clever. Mr. Poulton made a real hit by a strong, well-calculated performance as the heroine's father, and Mr. Dennis Eadie acted ably.

People who had seen "Shore Acres" in America were enthusiastic in advance, dwelling particularly on the fact that the play was "racy of the soil." Why on earth was the tactless transfer of the locality from America to Cornwall made? It resulted in needless anomalies and the loss of the valuable element of real local colour. One may admit that the actual task of transferring has been accomplished skilfully, and people who are fond of strongly sentimental, highly coloured drama, with a big dash of melodrama, will like the play very well. At any rate, "Shore Acres" is good of its kind, and makes the simple-minded laugh or weep at almost every scene. They might have spared us the Christmas snow-storm; surely the public is getting a bit tired of it. There are some very good acting parts, excellently handled. Mr. Cyril Maude as the amiable old lighthouse-keeper has work after his own heart, and represents Nathaniel Barron with touching sincerity. I do not know that he has ever given us better work. Mr. Edmund Maurice, as his stern brother, presents a striking picture, and Miss Mary Rorke is a delightful embodiment of pure motherliness; by now I trust the repetitions in her dialogue have been removed. There are shoals of little children, who play as though they love their work.

"The Pioneers'" second venture is better than their first. "Out of Sight" is bright and amusing, yet one expects fresher and less conventional work from Messrs. Fenn and Pryce. The countless readers of *The Sketch* will be glad to learn that "Chicot's" play, "Compromising Martha," shows a strong sense of the stage and power of getting across the footlights the agreeable light humour and sentiment which have made his books brilliantly successful. Moreover, Martha, his elderly peasant, is quite a new and ingenious stage figure; she was admirably presented by Miss Florence Haydon. "Daughters of Shem," by Mr. Gordon and Miss Goldsmith, is an uneven, ambitious one-act play of extravagant length, which in its best scenes is of considerable value and very hopeful.

Miss Madge McIntosh once more showed herself to be an admirable actress, and Miss Alice Arden exhibited a remarkable gift for character, as well as no little power. Mr. M. Sherbrooke gave a delightfully finished study of the old Jewish father.

"The Lion and the Mouse" presents a new author to us, unless, indeed, Mr. Charles Klein wrote the book for that distressingly noisy work, "El Capitan." He seems likely to become an exceedingly popular writer, for he has freshness of idea and strong grip of (conventional) character, and is able to set his people firmly on their feet. The tale of the unscrupulous Napoleonic financier, and his defeat in a pet scheme by the brave, intelligent girl who fights him in order to save her father from ruin, may be rather violently theatrical and contain a good deal that cannot endure analysis; but it is lively and interesting, and presents several rich acting parts. Some uncertainty of touch weakens the last act, the early scenes of which might be shortened advantageously. Miss Margaret Illington, a newcomer, is an emotional actress of considerable power, with some gift for light comedy. Mr. Edmund Bree, though slightly monotonous, made a big hit as the financier, and Mr. Richard Bennett, in the lover's part, played very pleasantly in a rather curious style with a strange, windmill system of gesture. Some English players—Mr. Gilbert Hare and Miss Helen Rous and Miss Henrietta Cowen—lent valuable aid to a company excellent throughout.

"The Lion and the Mouse" is one of the ablest and most entertaining of the plays imported from the States.

Mr. Martin Harvey, in "Boy O'Carroll," has deserted heroic sentiment for the lighter ways of the popular comedian. Brian O'Carroll is an Irish lieutenant in the King's Army during the Parliamentary Wars, with a very rich brogue, unbounded impudence, and a wonderful power of getting out of difficulties. His remarkable adventures, as related by Messrs. Dix and E. G. Sutherland, will be the delight of many simple souls throughout the country, though the play is altogether too elementary to suggest that there is very much hope for it in London. Mr. Harvey is in excellent form, and of the rest of the company Miss Kate Rorke plays very charmingly as an Irish widow; Miss N. de Silva, as an Irish boy attendant on the O'Carroll, is unmercifully Irish; Mr. Reeve Denbigh is incomprehensibly Welsh; Mr. Thalberg Corbett is manfully English; and Miss Bessie Elder is to be congratulated on an amusing study of a serving-woman with a bad cold in the head. Altogether it is a nice derangement of accents.



THE NEW CHINESE COMIC OPERA FOR THE PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE: MISS DENISE ORME, WHO IS TO PLAY THE HEROINE IN THE ADAPTATION OF "LA TROISIÈME LUNE."

In about a fortnight's time the successor to "A Girl on the Stage" will be produced. The piece is described as a Chinese comic opera, and it has been adapted from "La Troisième Lune" by Charles Brookfield.

Photograph by Bassano.

NOT CHIRGWIN, BUT ANOTHER.



A RIVAL TO THE WHITE-EYED KAFFIR—NOT ON THE MUSIC-HALL STAGE.

Those familiar with the stage appearance of George Chirgwin, the White-Eyed Kaffir, will readily see the likeness between the well-known music-hall comedian (again, we say, in stage appearance) and the African whose portrait we give. The former's long top-hat and the latter's long top-knot look curiously akin. The black man's name is Machukulumbwe, and he hails from the neighbourhood of the Kafue River, on the Cape to Cairo Railway. His headdress consists of hair and string-bark woven one into the other, butter-grease, and clay. Its point is a piece of antelope-horn scraped down.—[Photograph by H. F. Varian.]

THE ACTOR-MANAGER AS HIS OWN DRAMATIC CRITIC.—II.

Mr. Cyril Maude's Views of "Shore Acres."

SUCCESS!

With that delightful word, untainted with any qualification of an equivocal nature, I begin my unaccustomed task; while the echo of the demonstrative applause which followed the fall of the final curtain is still ringing in my ears as I write. Were I disposed to paint the lily by adding some qualification to the success of "Shore Acres," I might write that it was emphatic. With a long experience of first nights at the Haymarket, first nights which vied with each other in the enthusiasm of the public, I should have to go back to the production of "The Little Minister" to find a première which equalled that of "Shore Acres." Many of the elements which contributed to the success of "The Little Minister" are present in the new play at the Waldorf, though they are set in different surroundings and are permeated by a different atmosphere. As in the former play, all the characters are most lovable, and they all possess most amusing traits of character. "Shore Acres," indeed, is a play of character rather than of incident, although there is in it one incident so strong that it ascends into the realms of melodrama, of which it gives a vivid touch.

The reception accorded to that melodramatic passage was unquestionably the most astonishing episode of the evening. The public is constantly being told that melodrama is dead. Yet the moment which it unquestionably liked best, to judge by the applause bestowed upon it, was the melodramatic incident of the struggle in the lighthouse between the two brothers as to whether the lamp should be lighted or not.

That melodramatic touch, coupled with the homely sentiment of the play—evinced by the typical Christmas Eve with its snow, the supper scene, with its steaming potatoes, the children in their night-gowns—might have acted like the traditional red rag to the traditional bull in inciting my brother-critics to scathing, if not denunciatory remarks of a play which is extremely difficult to criticise, because it is not like a play in the ordinary sense of the word. The other critics were most kind in their treatment of the play.

My difficulty in criticising it is enhanced because I am asked to write after the production, and it appears that the more modern method is to form an opinion on the play before it has been produced and to criticise the actor's performance before he has been seen in his part. A critic of one of the most influential papers in London stated a month ago that "Shore Acres" was sure to be a failure because it had been brought from America. I think it is bound to be a success because it pleased the audience; and a play which moves an audience now to laughter and now to tears, and that in such equal proportions that it is difficult to say which predominates in the course of the evening, has in it the elements which command success, even if they do not deserve it. (It is astonishing how epigrammatic one can be by merely inverting a familiar quotation.)

It must not be supposed, however, that I regard "Shore Acres"

as a faultless piece of work; it is not. It is better. It is interesting. Had it been faultless it would not have been interesting, for perfection invariably leaves the onlooker cold. It is the humanity in every work of art that is stimulating, and there is no such thing as perfection in humanity.

The prophetic critic to whose evil augury I have referred would probably be astonished at how little change was necessary in order to transform a typical American drama into an essentially English one. The labour of transplanting the locale was very slight. It was only made necessary by the fact that I did not think our public would care to see English actors in essentially American parts. Experts like

Mr. Eden Phillpotts and other literary men, on whose advice the scene was changed to Cornwall, expressed their view that the atmosphere of the play was extraordinarily like that of the Western Duchy. Indeed, even in matters of common speech, the similarity is marked. It is by no means uncommon in Cornwall to hear people say "I guess" and "I calculate," exactly as if they were American. I carefully eliminated such phrases, in order to obviate the possibility of the ultra-critical thinking that they had been left in through carelessness, and to prevent them referring to them as Americanisms pure and simple.

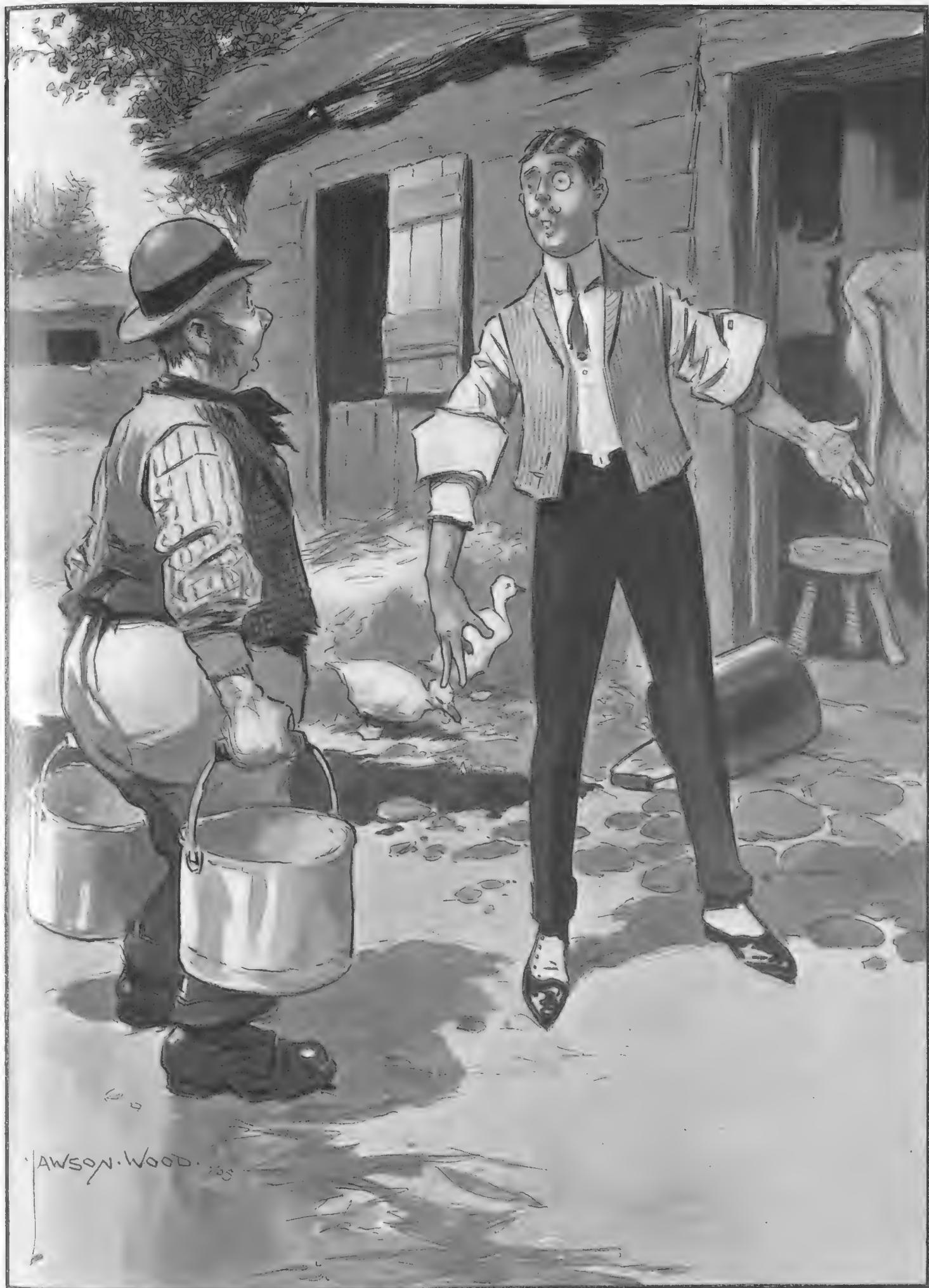
A realistic play needs realistic acting, and that "Shore Acres" receives from the trained band of men and women, not to forget the children, who are associated with me in the representation of the work. It is a long time indeed since I have been connected with such realistic acting. It finds its apogee in Miss Dorothy Stamp as Mandy, the young lady whose face, besmeared with jam, evoked wild demonstrations of approval from one of my most genial confrères of the daily Press. She stands out like a Phil May drawing of a gutter-snipe, a confirmed disciple of the teaching of Madame Duse, whose ideal

is, or was, to go upon the stage with a face innocent of make-up. "Shore Acres" marks the conversion of Miss Stamp from an idealistic to a realistic actress. The step was short, but it was sudden. At the dress rehearsal she appeared as though she had aspirations towards the dignity of a Gibson Girl whose ambition was to be an actress. To her supreme disgust at the moment, she was sent back to the dressing-room to remove every particle of paint from her face, to take her hair out of curl, and to make wisps of it. The transformation was startling, if not electrical. After that lesson she may certainly be expected to develop into the great realistic actress of the future. She has already been hailed as a genius, and her path in life should therefore be sure. The other members of the company who supported her in more or less important parts, including Miss Mary Rorke and Miss Alice Crawford, Mr. Edmund Maurice, Mr. Frank Mills and myself, worked loyally—I believe that is the recognised phrase—and played very well. I know that last expression is quite right, for I copied it from a criticism in one of the daily papers.



MR. CYRIL MAUDE AS NATHANIEL BARRON IN "SHORE ACRES," AT THE WALDORF.
Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.

FOR GENTLEMEN OF LEISURE: BACK TO THE LAND.



ALGY JONES (*at the week-end farm*): Look here you know, George; I can't milk these confounded cows.

The beasts keep turning round and nibbling at me.

GEORGE: Lor', Sir, but you mustn't blame 'em. Them critters do like a bit o' green stuff.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.



By S. L. BENSUSAN.

Pickled Eggs. In writing last week about the common or garden fowl, I forgot to set down something I had to say about egg-preserving, a rather delicate work undertaken with considerable profits by certain well-trained housewives. In parts of the country remote from railway service new-laid eggs fetch very little money in the spring and summer. They may be bought at the rate of for a score in some places, although three considered the lowest price that should be for one. When prices are at their lowest who understand pickling buy all they can collect. The methods of preservation family secrets. In a district where half-a-dozen people make a practice of preserving eggs you will generally find that no two adopt quite the same methods. Some pack them in salt, broad end up, others keep them in lime-water, others paint them lightly with vaseline. It is undeniable that eggs properly preserved will last for some months, retaining their original quality and enjoying immunity from flavours associated with eggs to which the term "shop" is commonly prefixed by way of reproach. At a time when new-laid eggs are almost as hard to find as the philosopher's stone the pickled species return a ready profit of about 100 per cent. to their preservers. At such a return as this only a farmer grumbles.

Chanticleer and the Rat. It is well known that rats are the deadly foes of young birds. One and all, from baby moorhens to baby chickens, are at their mercy. In using the word rat I mean the brown land-rat, not the water-rat, which is only a rat in name and is quite harmless, a feeder on weeds and soft grasses. Happily, the brown rat strikes a vein of bad luck now and again. Down in the country last week I came suddenly upon a rooster who was executing a sort of dance of triumph upon the body of a big brown rat, while two Mrs. Roosters stood afar off and expressed audible consternation to large and rather indifferent families. On examination I found

that that rat had been blinded in one eye. It is likely that he had sought to attack the newly hatched chickens, and that their mother's outcry had brought Chanticleer to the rescue. His first fortunate blow had cost the rat an eye, and probably the shock had dazed the intruder and given the infuriated bird chance of getting home a few more fierce pecks that had penetrated the brain. If ever a bird knew that he had accomplished something worth talking about, I saw one on this occasion. His behaviour reminded me curiously of the birds I used to watch in the *rina de gallos* of Seville. There the victor in a contest would stalk round the cock-pit and challenge until he dropped from fatigue.

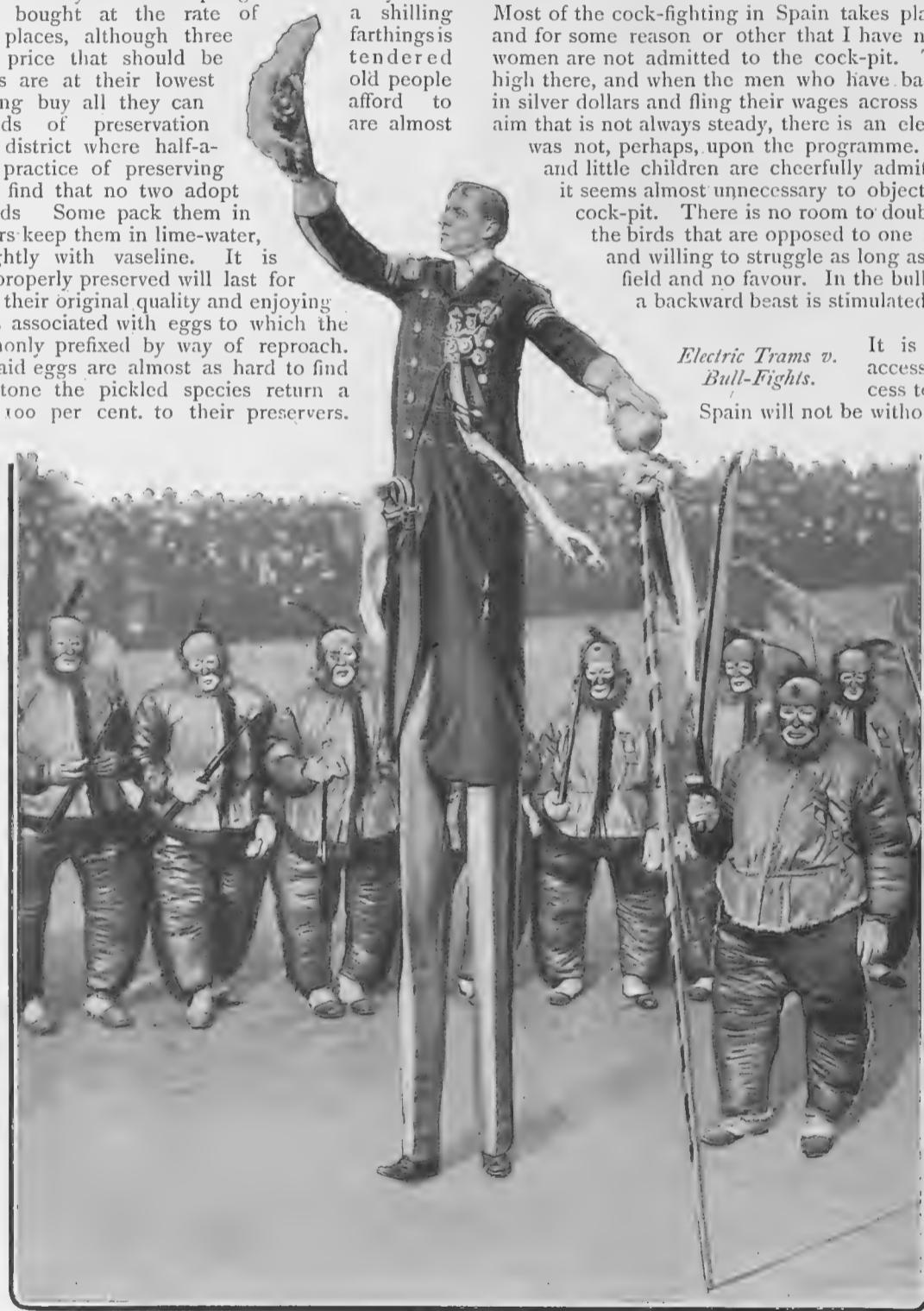
Cock-Fighting in Spain.

The chief patrons of the *rina de gallos* are the farmers, who breed fighting birds in their spare time, and are always ready to risk a handful of hard-earned silver dollars on the chances of their representative. Most of the cock-fighting in Spain takes place on Sunday mornings, and for some reason or other that I have never been able to fathom, women are not admitted to the cock-pit. To be sure, passion runs high there, and when the men who have backed the wrong bird pay in silver dollars and fling their wages across the little arena with an aim that is not always steady, there is an element of excitement that was not, perhaps, upon the programme. But seeing that women and little children are cheerfully admitted to the *plaza de toros*, it seems almost unnecessary to object to their presence in the cock-pit. There is no room to doubt the fighting instincts of the birds that are opposed to one another. They are ready and willing to struggle as long as life lasts; there is a fair field and no favour. In the bull-ring, on the other hand, a backward beast is stimulated with "fire bandarils."

Electric Trams v. Bull-Fights. It is to be hoped that the accession of an English Princess to the dignity of Queen of Spain will not be without its effect upon Spanish national pastime.

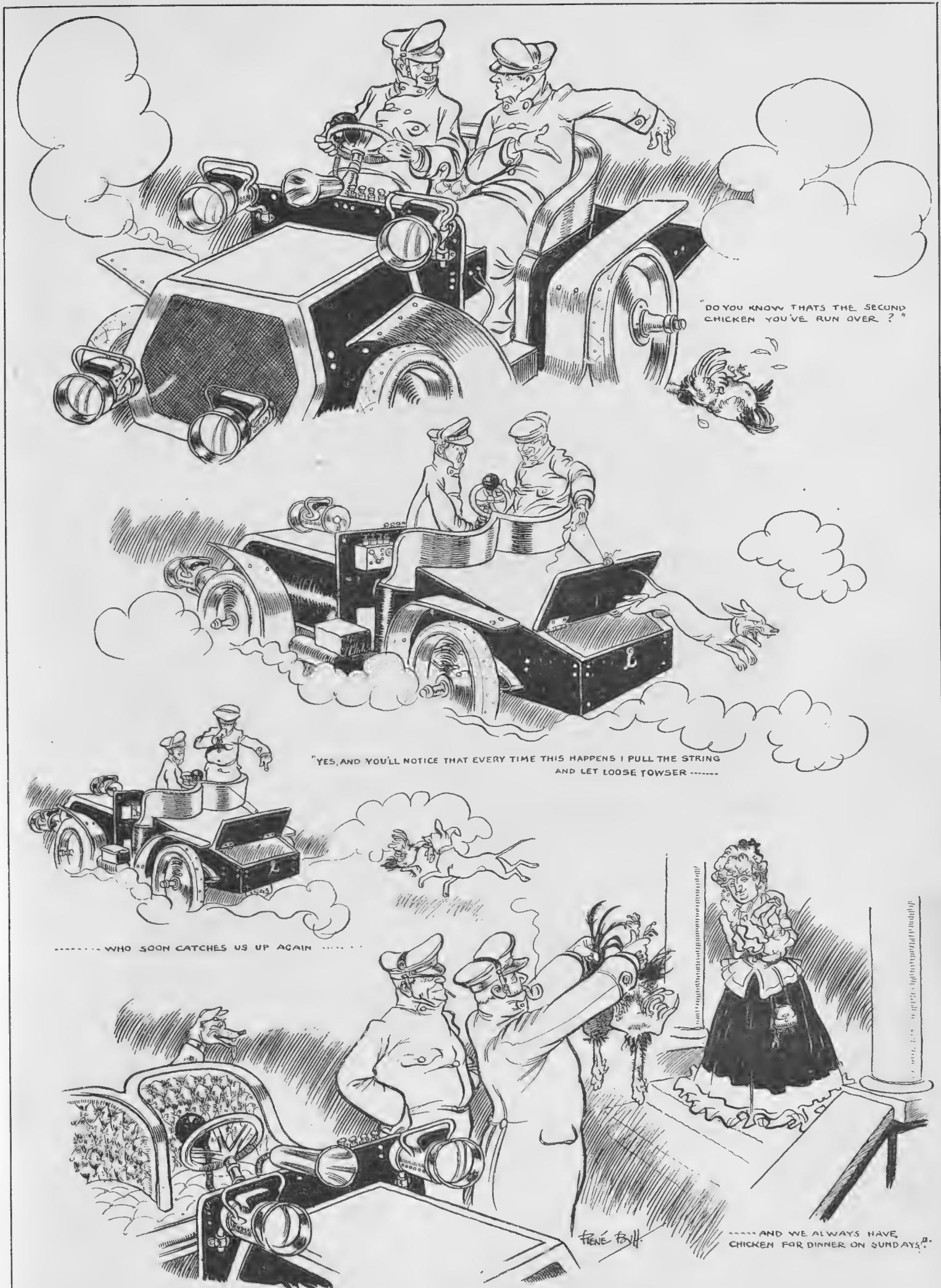
Quite recently the Government made a strong effort to put down tauro-machy by prohibiting the Sunday *corridas*. The credit of this attempt is due to the Church, but the Government was not strong enough to maintain the attitude it took up. In the days when the present King of Spain was in his minority he was quite averse from bull-fights, and kept away from them as much as was possible, to the great indignation of the rank and file of his subjects. The Queen-Mother did not regard the *plaza de toros* with any favour. In Spain, when Englishmen express their opinions about bull-fighting, they are reminded of their partiality for fox-hunting and shooting driven game-birds, but the comparisons are hardly justified. It is one thing to ride hard after a fox,

and if Reynard be pulled down in the open or run to earth and left there, there is little to be said against fox-hunting. Shooting, if it be followed fairly and in sportsmanlike fashion, is not open to many serious objections. But in Spain, where ten to twenty thousand people assemble to see sights that would often disgrace a slaughterhouse, there can be no question of sport. A factor that makes for the gradual passing of the worst features of the bull-ring is the introduction of the electric tram. In many of Spain's big towns German enterprise has brought the electric tram into fashion, and there is less demand for horses than there used to be. Consequently it is more difficult to buy worn-out beasts for the service of the arena.



A CARNIVAL IN THE UNITED STATES: A PARADE OF MASQUERS AT PHILADELPHIA.

"WASTE NOT, WANT NOT!"



A TIP FOR ECONOMICAL MOTORISTS.

DRAWN BY RENÉ BULL.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH, who preceded Freeman and Froude in the History Chair at Oxford, gives his view of these famous fighters in the *Atlantic Monthly*. Of Freeman he speaks more kindly than is quite the fashion now. "Freeman was a peculiar being, an Anglo-Saxon without guile, a Thane who had stepped into the nineteenth century; blunt, rather grotesque, and apt to be peppery in debate. Coming to this country to lecture, he mistook the Americans for Republicans, and adapted himself, as he fancied, to their rude Republican simplicity. But he was honest and truthful to the core, a hearty lover of righteousness, and a hater of iniquity. As a writer he lacks art; he is diffuse and somewhat pedantic; not popular, and now, save by earnest students, little read. But his profound erudition and his perfect conscientiousness make him master of the limited period of history to which he was specially devoted." On Froude, the verdict is much less favourable. Goldwin Smith—and there is no better judge—praises Froude's style. He thinks that he bore away a full measure of the literary graces of Newman's school. "His style is eminently lucid, graceful, and attractive. In that respect there are few more fascinating writers." But he looks upon Froude as by nature inaccurate, and the charge against him which has been sustained is not one of mere inaccuracy. The charge is that of sophistication of history, polemical dealings with facts, and perversion of morality. On the miserable Carlyle episode, Goldwin Smith sums up briefly—"When Froude had those papers in his hands he was sure to do what he did. It would seem about time that the publication of such matter, and of private correspondence generally, should be restrained. The gratification of prurient curiosity is dearly purchased by that which impairs the freedom of friendly and confidential intercourse. As a rule, let any future friend of a deceased man of mark into whose hands a bundle of Carlyle papers comes piously consign them to the fire."

Mr. Arthur Benson's monograph on "Walter Pater" in the "English Men of Letters" has been awaited with much interest, and will be found a careful, discreet, and competent bit of work. It has nothing or next to nothing about Pater's intimate life, about his relations, his close friends, and the various steps of his struggle. Pater appears to us in this volume much as he appears in his books; but no doubt the indefatigable Mr. Thomas Wright will give us enough on the other side, and it is well that a judicious appraisement of his work should be supplied by one so much in sympathy with him as Mr. Arthur Benson. The oddest statement in the book is that Pater at one time cherished the idea of becoming a Unitarian minister.

Of Jowett's relations with Pater, we are frankly told that they did not become good until it became clear that Pater had no practical sympathy with the exponents of a bastard aestheticism. Of Pater's last months a very pleasant picture is drawn. He spent them in tranquillity and content. "Increasing years, without diminishing strength, concentration, or intellectual force, had brought him nothing but what was good: the respect, the regard of friends, the consciousness that he had now a perfect control of his art and its resources."

Of Pater's personal appearance Mr. Benson gives a graphic description: "He was broad-shouldered, strongly built, sturdy, and gave an impression of soundness, and even toughness of constitution.

His great, pale face, with the strong lower jaw and carefully trimmed moustache, gave him something of the air of a retired military man. There was an impression sometimes of languor about him. He had to strangers, at first sight, in later years, a fatigued, faded, lustreless air, as of a caged creature. But this, I learn from those who knew him best, was in reality a false impression. He was undoubtedly robust; he was a patient, an unwearying traveller, often walking long distances without fatigue, and bearing uncomplainingly the extreme of Italian heat. But, like all impressionable, perceptive, artistic temperaments, his physical strength was apt to ebb and flow with his inner mood; when he was pleased, interested, delighted, he was also equable, animated, alert. When he was aware that he was expected to fulfil anticipations, conscious of social strain, uninterested, he became melancholy, drooping, unstrung." Few will

dispute the right of Pater to be ranked thus early among the great writers of his country, and this is his abundant reward.

Sir Henry Roscoe's Reminiscences (Macmillan), though lucid and easy in style, are interesting mainly to the student of science. There is very little that suggests contact with the world of literature. But the sketch of the great chemist Bunsen is a good piece of work, and that of Helmholtz, is not less attractive. Scientific men, I have observed, always become enthusiastic about Helmholtz. Sir Henry Roscoe says he was the most wonderful man he ever knew, and his character was as charming and simple and his heart as kind as his intellect was great. Helmholtz was a very temperate man. He never smoked, and he found that the smallest quantity of alcohol dispelled from his mind "all his good ideas." By this he meant that if any great problem had to be thought out, this was only possible when his brain was free from alcoholic taint.

o. o.



AN INTERESTING COMPARISON: PRINCESS ENA AND HER SIX-FOOT WEDDING-CAKE.

Princess Ena's wedding-cake is six feet high from the base of its stand to the topmost point of its ornament; and, for the sake of comparison, we place it next to her Royal Highness herself. The cake, which was made by Messrs. Kingston, Miller and Co., of Oxford Street, weighs 3 cwt. Each of the three tiers is elaborately decorated, and the lower tier, which is three feet in diameter, has eight panels embellished with artistic sugarwork representing trailing vines, in reference to the famous vineyards of Spain. Each panel also bears a festoon of orange-blossoms, white heather, myrtle, and white roses—the flowers chosen by Princess Ena.

The photograph of Princess Ena is by the Illustrations Bureau; the photograph of the cake is reproduced by permission of Kingston, Miller and Co.

“ HOW DOTH THE LITTLE BUSY BEE—”



TOMMY: Wot's the good o' tellin' me the bees is carryin' 'oney 'ome? This one warn't. Boo-hoo! 'E was carryin' mustard.
I knows—I've swallered it.

DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL.

NOVELS IN A NUTSHELL.

JOHN FLOYD'S FISHING TRIP

BY CLIVE R. FENN.

I.

FLOYD often stopped a week at Hurstmont. It was a rest from town, where there is no rest, and it was a bit difficult to get to, which was one of its charms; and the fishing was good.

But the Crusaders' Arms was the strong point—an undeveloped inn with a rustic garden and verandah, to say nothing of excellent cooking and a quiet, far-away touch about it which was balm-like and soothing after the fever and hurry of the city. Care could be laid aside there. You stepped out of the front door into an open place flanked by a garden, and with a country road a little further on, while occasionally—very occasionally—there was to be seen a white puff of smoke on the other side of a heather-clad hill, denoting that a train on the branch line by which travellers reached the Crusaders' Arms was leisurely taking its departure.

The landlord, who was a Hampshire man, might have painted over his door, "Here there is peace," for the world went smoothly there, and you woke up in the morning to hear the animated conversation of the birds in the woods, the call of the cuckoo, the invigorating rattle of a milk-pail in the brick courtyard. It was a hotel boasting wistarias and magnolias and honeysuckle, a place where there was a deep, abiding sense of one of the old-fashioned, perfumed Junes.

It was just the place for a period of recuperation, and Floyd had remained a week, and intended to turn that week into at least two, if not three, before he had done, for he felt that he had earned a holiday—a feeling which in itself is one of the most restful in the world—as his last play had been a success; and there was alongside of that triumph a larger hope besides.

The friends he met at Hurstmont were all good fellows, and he liked to chat at night, though the country air was soporific, and he generally retired rather early. That was the way in that countryside.

Along the quiet roads came the sheep that passed in the night and in the day bleating; and the landlord was a friendly soul, an *aubergiste* of the best, who would say, "How are you keeping?"—as if you were prime salt pork.

II.

There was a picture in the parlour of Una subjugating a lion, that was lost in admiration, and there was another showing an attack on Belfort in 1870.

It was an ideal place, even when it rained. Golfers congregated there, and the fascination of it all was borne in upon Floyd as he went upstairs. There came to the ear the sound of a piano from downstairs, and there was the whisper of voices. How strange is the semi-silence of an hotel, that note of mystery, that fantastic suggestion of odd little, half-forgotten things, of incidents of travel, sensations of the great routes of the world.

But when he arrived, unannounced, in June, the landlord held up his hands in dismay.

"No room?" exclaimed Floyd.

"Very sorry, Sir," said the landlord. "If you had only written! But they might put you up at The Sheaves, kept by a lady—Miss Charteris."

"Ah, I will try there," and John Floyd drove away down the village street and into the country again, for the flyman to pull up at a pretty rose-and-clematis covered cottage.

"The Sheaves is not an inn, Sir," said the flyman, as he got down; "but I believe it's all right."

And when, a few minutes later, the visitor found himself inside the house, he realised that the driver spoke the truth.

Miss Charteris interested him extremely, but why she took in boarders puzzled him.

"You must be rather lonely here," he said.

"No," she answered; "there is plenty to interest me."

He nodded shortly.

"No doubt. But is there anything archaeological? We Americans are that way, you know."

"There is the Abbey," she said.

"May one go there?"

The girl hesitated.

"I mean with permission, of course. It is not inhabited?"

"No—o, it is not inhabited," she said slowly.

"You take a great interest in it?" he said.

"Yes, and I fear the Goths and Vandals."

"The Goths and Vandals?"

"You see, the Abbey is all I have," she said wistfully. "It used to belong to my family, all this part, and it is the only bit left."

"And it's a ruin," he put in thoughtfully, and at that minute as he looked at her he unconsciously felt glad that he liked fishing, and that the proclivity had led his steps to that out-of-the-way corner of the world.

"Yes," she murmured, "it is a ruin, but a very beautiful ruin. If you like, I could show you it; they would let me."

The young man wondered who the mythical "they" might be, as he accompanied her into the silent pathways of the ancient stronghold, monastic in its solemnity now.

"The staircase is very old and worn," he said.

"Yes," she answered, "the Crusaders did chip the steps a good deal in tramping up and down."

He looked at her, but said not a word.

He could not sleep that night, for all the busy traffic of the soft summer night seemed to be in league against him. A bat came with a bump on the casement, the fastening rattled; then a great white moth sailed in and hovered dangerously over the candle. He rose at last and dressed; and then, just as he opened the door, he saw in the dusky corridor a figure—a phantom of the night. There was a movement below, and he descended to follow her into the silent country lane, out into the woodland clearing, thence into the forest, finally into the courtyard of the old château, which just then looked more dreamlike still.

He lost sight of her in that maze of moss-covered, ivy-wreathed archways, where the moonlight fell in silver patches, and he stopped to think before pursuing his way, actuated now principally by insight and admiration for what he saw, and realising that he stood very little chance of finding his involuntary guide, familiar as she seemed to be with the intricacies of the place. He mounted stairway after stairway, at length coming to a wing of the castle where ruin was not so plainly marked.

Here music came faintly to the ear, and he stopped to listen before pursuing his way, hesitating finally on the threshold of a large chamber whose walls were still partially draped with torn tapestry; and at the far end he saw the girl who was his hostess at The Sheaves, sitting before an old-time musical instrument, playing a forgotten air.

III.

There was something hard in his left boot on the following morning, and he took it off and shook it, finding inside what was evidently the head of a hat-pin—a little jewel with a tiny coat-of-arms.

"Strange!" he muttered; and after breakfast, when he saw her at the entrance to the garden, he spoke to her about it.

"Is this yours?" he said.

She took the jewel and examined it attentively, and then blushed to the roots of her hair.

"Yes," she said, "yes; it is mine. Annette, the maid, must have dropped it."

Floyd eyed her suspiciously.

"Yes," he said; "Annette, or another."

She turned quickly away.

"You are fooling me, young woman," he said to himself as he gazed after her retreating figure; "but John Floyd is not going to be fooled much more"—and his mind went back to the scene of the night: the silvery rays of the Queen of the Night falling through the radiance of the stained-glass window, with its figured saints, on to another queen sitting there at the old-time spinet like some sylph from the dim bygone, bringing charm to the days which were passing now.

"See here, Miss Charteris," he said on the following night, "I want to buy that place."

"What place?" she asked quickly.

"Why, Hurst Abbey."

"But it is not for sale."

"Oh, any place is for sale if enough is offered."

"But—" she began.

"Don't worry about it," he interrupted her; "I have written to the lawyers. By-the-way, you don't know who owns it?"

"I—seem to have heard," she said, "once; but," she went on, as if trying to remember, "I am afraid I can't tell you the name. But why do you want to buy it?"

"Make it useful," he said shortly.

"But how?"

"Pull it down."

"Oh!"

"Turn it into a sugar-refinery."

[Continued overleaf.]

OUR SPORTING SUPPLEMENT.

THE GENTLE ART OF CATCHING THINGS.



XI.—CHARMING THE CONGER IN THE SEA OF AZOV.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

N.B.—The Editor of "The Sketch" prefers not to accept responsibility for the sporting intelligence of his Special Artist.

"You dare not!" she cried indignantly.
 "I dare," he retorted.
 "It is abominable!"
 "Well, it's no use at present."
 "No use! I—I—" She said no more, but whisked out of the room and shut the door with a bang.
 "Spirit!" muttered Floyd, as he looked at the door as though his eyes were Röntgen rays; and he lit a cigar. "I like spirit."
 He did not wait for the post on the following morning, but crept down early into the silent, sunbeam-habited house, where the air seemed to lie in luminous strata.
 "Ought to be somewhere here," he said quietly, and he walked noiselessly into the kitchen, where the cat rose, yawned, and looked at him, then at the boots he held in his hand.
 "Ah, here we are!" he exclaimed at last, as he descended a step into a little brick-floored room. The bump his head made in the whitewashed ceiling is there to this day. "Brushes—blacking. Clean my own boots? Of course! Well"—brush, rub, brush—"I wouldn't at the Carlton; but I don't like to have jewelled knobs in my boots. Confound it! It hurts. Hullo, puss!" he went on, as he saw the cat sitting on the threshold gazing at him.
 Bang, down went one boot, and he picked up the other.
 "Often have cleaned my boots, and—"
 "Mr. Floyd!"
 "Madam?" And he bowed to her profoundly, boot in hand.
 "What are you doing?"
 "Dirty work makes clean boots."
 "But I won't have it."
 "Oh, yes, you will, Miss Charteris, till Annette—"
 "There isn't an Annette," she said excitedly, and she took a step forward.
 "Thought as much," he said grimly.
 "But—" she began, and then she turned away sharply, for there came a rat-tat at the outer door.

"Postman," he said. "Shall I go?"
 "No, of course not!" And she darted off, to return in a minute, bearing a letter in her hand.
 "You don't trust me," he said as he took it.
 "Why should I?" she exclaimed.
 "Oh—just because you should."
 He read that letter, and then read it again. It began: "Dear Sir,—In answer to yours—" and evidently it was not quite satisfactory, since soon after breakfast he started off for the country town whence it came, to return only at nightfall.
 "They tell me—" he said.
 "Who tell you?"
 He looked at her quite calmly.
 "The lawyers who have charge of the Abbey. They say that it is not to be sold."
 "No more it is."
 "But—" he continued. "There, please sit down, because I have a lot I want to say." And she obeyed his wish, subsiding into the lounge-chair in the corner of the verandah.
 "What do you wish to say?"
 "I want—" he cried. "I want to buy that place."
 "To make it a sugar-refinery?" she asked, and there was a suspicion of a smile at the corners of her mouth.
 "No, no; I want to hear you play the spinet again. I want you, and the place would be yours, and the land which used to belong, don't you see? And you could repair where you chose and leave the rest. What have I made all my money for out there, where everything is so confoundedly new, if I can't do this—for you? Miss Charteris—Ethel—I am only a rough 'un; but could you not take me—for the sake of the Abbey?"
 She turned her head sideways a little and looked at him.
 "Perhaps," she said softly; "perhaps I could."
 And though the spinet of the older days was far away, he felt that there was music just then which made its cadence dull.

THE FIDDLER OF PONTORSON.

BY HERBERT SHAW.

THIS brother they called Jean; but him they named Michel, after the one who stands for ever with a bent sword, and a dragon beneath his feet, on the top of the church that crowns the wonderful Rock. Only that Michel was a saint, and the Michel of this story was a man.

Together with a little fair-haired sister they lived in the House of Quarrel at Pontorson, six miles from the Rock. Their mother was dead. When the little girl was twelve, the father died. After they had buried him, the brothers quarrelled—over the poor heritage that he had left. Strangers coming to that dark house would have quarrelled before the first day was done.

"I am the elder son," said Jean.

"The better thief," said Michel, for all the love that Michel had to give was with the little sister and his dog; and at that, Jean pulled out a pistol and fired straight. When at last they led Michel from the darkened room where he had lain, the room of the world was dark. His brother had fled the house, taking the little sister. So a blind man took his fiddle and groped through the wooden gate.

"Keep your inheritance," said he, in a note for Jean. "You have given me mine."

Long the blind man wandered over the roads, and fiddled in the towns of France. Welcome he was for his fiddling, and pitied for his great infirmity; and if he had no money he slept by the hedge, and cried his hate to the scornful stars; and if he had money he slept in a bare room, and spoke his hate to the dingy walls. And sometimes he fiddled things that everyone knew, old tunes and child's tunes; but mostly he thought of his brother Jean, and in that black obsession he played tunes which people did not know, and of which they were afraid. Through the streets of Caen he sang to a fiddling moan: "Lul, lul, lul, le dur chemin," and each verse wailed off into "dur chemin." Old Father Didier, with the Tolstoy beard, came out of his Galeries Artistiques in the Rue Froide, and in his hand was the Berthon poster of the girl playing the lute. The blind man was conscious that someone was there, but did not speak.

"It is a pretty song, and you are a great player," said Father Didier at last.

"It is the song of the road," said the fiddler.

"I have dwelt in Paris fifteen years," said Father Didier; "in Caen, six. I could give you a note to one I know in Paris."

"You are very kind," said Michel. "But I have one tune yet to play."

"Play it then, and let me hear."

"It is for one man alone. It is for him who made me blind," said Michel; and he went fiddling on his way. Father Didier stepped back into his shop, rolling up the poster as he went.

But Michel came again to Pontorson, by chance and the call of home, which he obeyed against his will. And he fiddled to the long

street of Pontorson, standing at the corner by the barber's shop. Few people there would have remembered him; none knew him now. He had reached the place in the afternoon, he had passed by the empty house which had been his home; it was in the evening that he stood and played.

It was market day, and the long street rumbled with the market carts, and rang dully with the tread of the unsold cattle, returning north to Avranches and south to Dol and the villages between. When he had been playing a little time he felt a commotion round him.

"What is the matter?" said he.

A blue-cloaked boy laughed. "A man went to be shaved, and he ran out of the chair because a big moth came in through the window."

"Which way did he go?" asked Michel.

"Over the bridge," said the boy.

When it was just dark the blind man went down the street, past the women washing their linen in the river and beating it with their hands, and over the bridge to Dol. His brother Jean had been afraid of moths. Clear of the village, he hummed continually a little tune.

He was midway between Pontorson and Dol when suddenly a dog barked. The dog yelped when Michel called, and Michel put his fiddle to his shoulder and began to play. He had never played this tune before; he played it as it came to him. The dog was silent now.

When he finished the dog whined at the closed gate, and Michel heard the scratching of his claws upon the wood. He was ready now, and quite certain. Jean had come back then, near to the former home. And Jean came down to the gate and opened it.

"Get away with your fiddle," he said gruffly. "We are poor folk here."

"I am rich, then—now!" answered Michel, and sprang at his throat. It was all so quick that there was hardly a struggle, and then a pretty girl came down the path and screamed. Long hours of loneliness had made her strong and brave. Jean had not been good to her, and she said simply, "You have killed my brother. If you do not stop here, I shall send men after you."

"I cannot stay," said Michel. "I must go"; and he was writing on a bit of paper against the back of his fiddle. "Send after me if you like. Give me a minute before you read," said he, and the gate closed.

She stood there dazed, as yet hardly understanding what had happened. It must have been ten minutes before her fingers felt the piece of paper, and she held it close to her eyes and read, in awkward writing: "I, too, am your brother, little sister whom I loved."

She ran through the gate. "Michel!" she called. "Michel!"

But the moonlight mocked her; Michel the Fiddler was striding on the road to Dol, bound for the roads beyond and away; and a white dog swung joyfully at his heels.

THE END.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



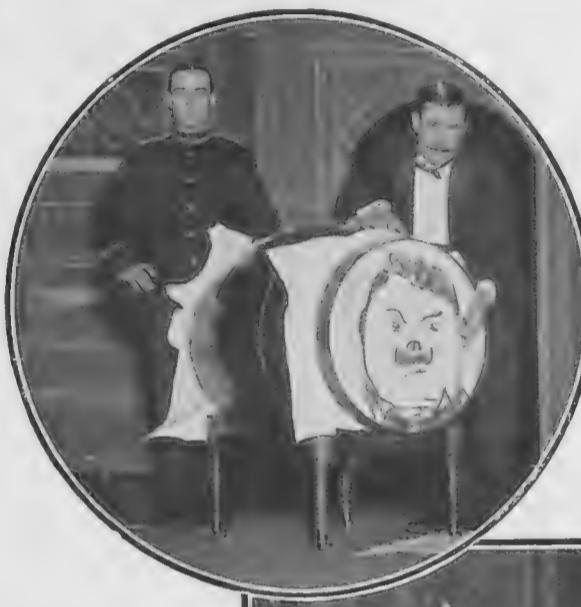
DURING the last few days the managers of at least two theatres have turned their thumbs down to decide the fate of productions which have been fighting, as it were, with the public for recognition. They are those responsible for "A Girl on the Stage," at the Prince of Wales's, and "The Lonely Millionaires," at the Adelphi. At the former theatre Mr. George Edwardes has decided on producing the Chinese comic opera of which rumours were first heard in the Green Room several months ago. This was originally written as a comedy by Madame de Gresac and M. Paul Ferrier and, under the title of "La Troisième Lune," was produced at the Vaudeville Theatre, Paris, a couple of years ago. It has been adapted by Mr. Charles Brookfield, while the lyrics have been written by Mr. Adrian Ross, and Mr. Sidney Jones has done the music.

Whether the piece will be called "The Third Moon," "La Belle Sisi," or by yet another name, still remains to be seen, for at present the point seems not to be settled. It would appear to be, however, less immaterial than usual, for it is less a musical comedy than usual. Indeed, it is specially described as a comic opera. The scene is laid in China, and all the characters are Chinese. They will, for the most part, be taken by the members of the company now appearing at the Prince of Wales's.

At the Adelphi "The Lonely Millionaires" will be withdrawn on Friday. On Saturday it will be succeeded by a revival of "The Taming of the Shrew," the freshness and vigour of which, in the hands of Miss Lily Brayton and Mr. Oscar Asche and the accomplished company of the Adelphi, are undiminished, so that it cannot fail to be an effective stop-gap pending Mr. Otho Stuart's rehearsal and production of a new play.

Not merely an unproduced, but an unpublished work of Oscar Wilde is promised for two performances by the Literary Theatre Club. This is "The Florentine Tragedy," which will be given in conjunction with "Salome" on Sunday, June 10, and Monday, June 18, at the King's Hall, Covent Garden. The cast of both plays is now occupying the attention of the committee, and such is the interest in the occasion that the services of several well-known actors and actresses have been secured, including those of Miss Darragh, Miss Florence Farr, Mr. Lewis Casson, and Mr. Robert Farquharson, who will repeat the striking performance he gave of Herod when "Salome" was first produced some months ago at the Bijou Theatre, Archer Street.

The disadvantage of the paragraph preliminary is its liability to prove incorrect just when everybody is expecting the statement



THE LATEST VERSION OF DIOGENES AND HIS TUB: THE NEW ILLUSION AT MASKELEYNE AND DEVANT'S (ST. GEORGE'S HALL).

Messrs. Maskeleyne and Devant thus describe their new illusion: "It is said that Alexander once asked Diogenes if he could get into his tub when both ends of it were closed up with marked parchment. Diogenes replied that that was quite easy, and Messrs. Maskeleyne and Devant demonstrate the fact that Diogenes did not lie, but they refuse to disclose to bewildered audiences how Diogenes accomplished his difficult feat." An empty tub is covered at both ends with parchment, and on one end is drawn roughly the face of a man. A moment later the parchment is broken open, and "Diogenes" appears.

Photographs by Campbell-Gray.

With a one-act play at the Haymarket, and another called "The Third Time of Asking," to be produced by Mr. Bourchier this (Wednesday) afternoon in front of "The Fascinating Mr. Vanderveldt," Mrs. Blundell can claim precedence over the other dramatists in having two plays running at the same time at the West End. In this play Mr.

Bourchier will appear as a Lancashire lout. As the Haymarket play is also bucolic in character, the production may portend the temporary dominion of rusticity, so far as one-act plays are concerned; for, as we all know, when one theatre gets a success with one class of play many others follow suit, instead of striking out a diametrically opposite course.

To-morrow afternoon Miss Alexander gives a dramatic and musical matinée at the Royalty, when she will give her remarkable impersonations of negro life, and will have the benefit of the accomplished assistance of Miss May de Sousa, Madame Thecla, Mr. George Grossmith, Mr. George Grossmith junior, and M. Coquelin aîné.

to materialise. A notable instance has occurred in the case of the Scala, which it was announced Mr. Marshall Moore, who has seceded from the stage-managership of the Coliseum, was to take in the autumn. The paragraphists even went so far as to give the name of the play with which he would open, and the arrangements which were being made for a Christmas play, so that the plan of campaign was a comprehensive one. Now, however, all this is changed, and the lessee of the Scala in the autumn will not be Mr. Marshall Moore, whose name is now associated with that of Dr. Liebbrand in the preparations for the production of a light opera.

Next week's performances at the Royalty, which fully justifies its title of London's Théâtre Français, are exceedingly interesting. This evening and to-morrow the programme consists of "Notre Jeunesse," by M. Alfred Capus; on Friday and Saturday evenings of "L'Abbé Constantin" and "L'Anglais tel qu'on le Parle," with "Les Romanesques" and "Gringoire" in the afternoon; while on Monday and Tuesday "L'Arlésienne," with Bizet's music, will be given.

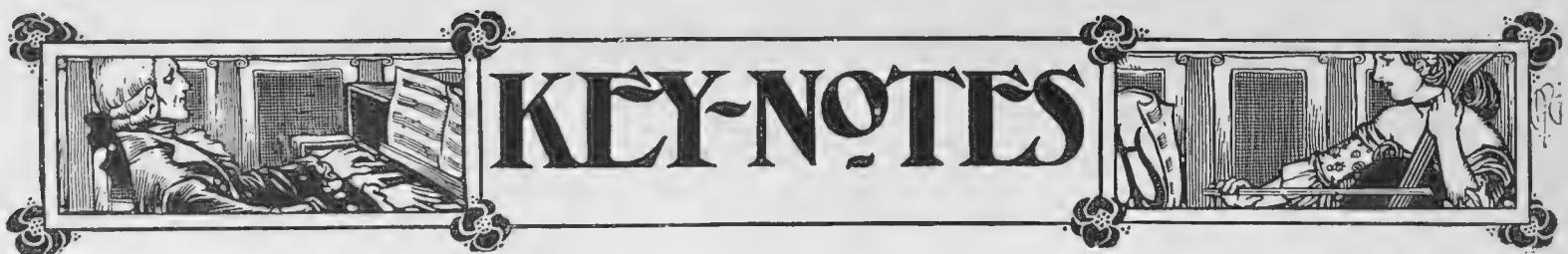
With the withdrawal of "Nero," Miss Constance Collier's name disappears from the programme of the West End, and those who have learned to admire the strength and vividness of her acting, coupled with her personal charm, will miss her from her accustomed place for some time. It is, indeed, by no means improbable that she will not be seen again at the West End until Mr. Beerbohm Tree produces "Macbeth" on his return from the provincial tour for which he is booked while Miss Ellen Terry dominates the stage of his theatre in the promised revival of "A Winter's Tale." Anyway, Miss Collier will be a member of Mr. Tree's company until September of next year.

Next Tuesday afternoon the annual theatrical sports will be held at the Stamford Bridge Sports Ground, and the proceeds will be devoted to a fund to help those employés of the theatre for whose relief none of the existing funds are available. As the event is sure to attract a large number of actors and actresses, it is safe to assume that it will also attract a goodly percentage of their admirers, who like to see them as they appear in private. The prizes will be distributed to the successful competitors by Miss Irene Vanbrugh.

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A FEW days ago Mr. Hugo Gorlitz returned from his American tour with Kubelik; that tour included no fewer than a hundred and seven concerts, a tremendous undertaking (when you think of it), but one has also to remember that this same tour realised something over forty thousand pounds. Such a sum may not be unique in the world of artistic careers, but, at all events, it strikes one as being somewhat tremendous. One of the most fortunate incidents in a most unfortunate calamity is to be recorded in the fact that Mr. and Mrs. Kubelik went to Shasta Springs, California, for a few days' rest, just before the great earthquake at San Francisco. We are informed that the first concert after this short holiday "was given at Seattle, Washington, and netted nearly a thousand pounds." It would be uninteresting to readers to learn the names of the various towns which Kubelik visited, but they number no fewer than seventy-five.

Madame Melba made her reappearance at Covent Garden the other day in the part of Mimi, in Puccini's "La Bohème." She sang exceedingly well, and she showed us once more that she is the supreme prima-donna of our generation. Times go and times come; but at the present moment Melba takes the highest rank among all sopranos. Once more, in "La Bohème," her interpretation of the part of Mimi was absolutely perfect. It is true that one might wish for her to take more impersonations in the operatic line, for she seems to have so finely developed an operatic talent at this moment, a talent which, in combination with her great and noble voice, might bring her to higher things in art than those levels which she has already reached. Still, one must remember the beauty of her voice, the golden quality, the strength, and the power which unite that characteristic of which we have just spoken into a definite unity, which goes to make up the finest vocal artist that the present generation knows. Mlle. Parkina, in the part of Musetta, sang very sweetly and acted with great charm. Caruso took the part of Rodolfo and sang magnificently; he has a voice that penetrates to the deepest depths of the emotions, without exactly touching the more intellectual portion of one's feeling. Signor Scotti and M. Journet were in very good form, and acted with great intelligence, while both sang at the same time extremely well. Signor Campanini conducted the orchestra, and the band played quite charmingly under his direction.



MME. MAUDE THECLA (MRS. GASTON MAYER), WHO WILL SING AT MISS CLARA ALEXANDER'S MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC MATINÉE AT THE NEW ROYALTY THEATRE, ON THURSDAY NEXT.

A number of prominent artists have promised to appear at Miss Alexander's "Darky Dialect" matinée, notable among these being M. Coquelin aîné, Mr. George Grossmith, Mr. George Grossmith jun., Miss May de Sousa, and Mme. Maude Thecla.

Photograph by Bassano.

was therefore all the more interesting that his concert at the Queen's Hall the other day was conducted by himself. Miss Tita Brand recited Björnson's "Bergliot" exceedingly well, while the orchestra accompanied her recital with that curious sense of individuality which so distinguishes Grieg's music. Even if it were possible to describe Grieg as not quite one of the greatest among the masters of music, one may at least say that he has an exquisite sense of the delicacies of music.

Yorkshire choirs are always to the fore in musical works fitted for chorus. Therefore it was that the success of the fifth concert of the Philharmonic Society, given under the direction of Dr. Cowen at the Queen's Hall, was largely indebted to the Bradford Festival Chorus, which took the leading part in Bach's wonderful Motet for double chorus, "Sing Ye to the Lord." The quality of the voices here brought into the work was astoundingly fine, and was most touchingly beautiful. To hear strong men singing strong music is a very rare experience; and it is to Yorkshire that one must go, as a rule, to hear such combinations of strength and æsthetic art. There is probably no more difficult work for a choir than Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. We have heard it in many places; we have heard a Yorkshire choir singing it most admirably under the direction of Sir Arthur Sullivan at a Leeds Festival; but never to our remembrance have we heard so pure a tone, so supreme and fine a quality as that which these singers produced in that splendid final section of the symphony, which Beethoven himself thought was scarcely fitted to the human voice. The soloists on this occasion were Miss Perceval Allen (whose delightful voice is always heard to the best advantage in large concert-halls), Miss Frederica Richardson, Mr. Webster Millar, and Mr. Fowler Burton. Taking all in all, we do not recollect a finer performance of the Ninth Symphony than the one given on this occasion.

On Saturday, July 21, the Moody-Manners Company will take over for a short time the lease of the Lyric Theatre. This has been the policy adopted by Mr. Tom B. Davis, who desires to give a season of grand opera in English which shall last for some five weeks or so. The works to be chosen for this run will be produced by the company of which mention has already been made. The work of Mr. Manners and Miss Fanny Moody is now so well appreciated through the entire length and breadth of the country that no more particular reference need be made to this new scheme. It is true that Mr. Manners has in vain endeavoured to create an atmosphere in which it might be possible to produce English opera, or at all events opera translated into English, so far as the libretto goes, but the eternal prejudice against this ideal has, so far, been too much even for so energetic a manager and so enterprising an artist as Mr. Manners. At all events, if the work of Mr. Manners is not immediately recognised, there is no doubt but that it has a definite future before it.

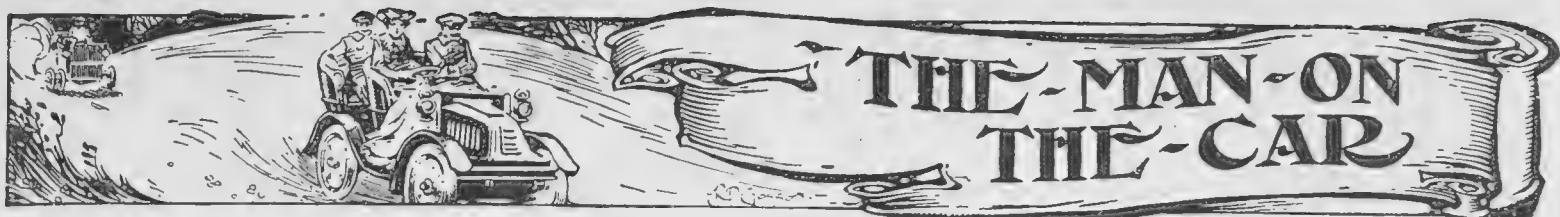
As we anticipated, the concert given by Joska Szigeti at the Bechstein Hall the other day proved that this young violinist has qualities of the rarest order: he has the independence of a man far beyond his own years, he has the mature feeling of the great musician, but above all he has the freshness of youth, the sweetness and the delightful morning idea which one meets so seldom now in the workaday world of music. His playing of Ernst's Concerto in F sharp minor was a marvellous revelation of how far he had touched the limits of his own art. In Mendelssohn's Concerto he was especially great in the slow movement. That slow movement is the test of a good many violinists; and therefore the fact that this young fellow came through with flying colours is all the more admirable because of his extraordinary sentiment for everything that is young and bright in music—for youth and brightness were the chief elements in Mendelssohn's wonderful musical equipment.

COMMON CHORD.



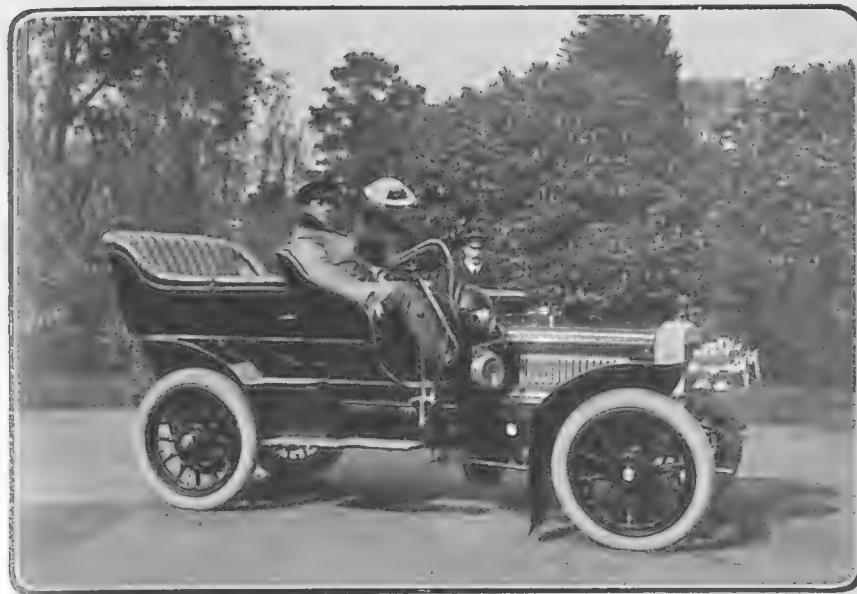
FRÄULEIN TERNINA, WHO WAS ANNOUNCED TO SING ELISABETH IN "TANNHÄUSER" ON MONDAY LAST.

Photograph by Elvira.



THE TOURIST TROPHY RACE: THE BED-ROCK CONDITION—CAR-OWNERS' LIABILITIES: NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR DELEGATION—A MAGISTRATE PREFERENCES SPEEDOMETER TO POLICE WATCHES: TWO HUNDRED AND TWENTY YARDS AN INSUFFICIENT DISTANCE—THE WISDOM OF SCARBOROUGH'S COUNCIL—THE MISUSE OF THE TOP GEAR: GEAR-CHANGING NO DETRIMENT.

I TRUST that my readers will not be induced to look askance upon the Tourist Trophy race by reason of the prejudiced criticism showered upon it from certain quarters. Although it has only been in existence one year, it has already shown a tendency to produce a type of automobile peculiarly suited to the roads of this country.



THE KING OF SPAIN AND THE FUTURE QUEEN OF SPAIN AS MOTORISTS: KING ALFONSO AND PRINCESS ENA OF BATTENBERG ON A 30-40-H.P. DAIMLER.

The result of last year's competition has put the prophets of "Fréak" entirely out of court, and though the very designer of the winning car was at one time inclined to support them, it is the opinion of all who have closely studied the conditions of this interesting event that the entire effect of this year's contest will be more beneficial than ever.

The method of classification—limitation, perhaps, would be the better word—adopted by the Club in connection with the Tourist Trophy race has given rise to much discussion and has been severely criticised by the advocates of cubical contents—that is, cylinder content, or piston-speed. Although it must be admitted that an extremely instructive race could have been set up on either basis, I think it is now generally agreed that, by setting out a fuel-limitation, the Club have gone one better. They hand the competitors each an equal amount of energy, and say practically, "There you are, with a car of a certain minimum weight; do your best with that over the course allotted." The Club puts the fuel-limit case briefly, as follows: "The whole object in fixing a definite allowance of fuel for a given distance is simply to limit the horse-power, and thereby the speed of the competing vehicles, and this regulation, in conjunction with the others, restricts the race to bona-fide touring-cars. This method of limiting engine-power was chosen on account of its simplicity. The allowance of petrol for this year's race has been fixed at one gallon for every twenty-five miles of the course."

Car-owners who employ drivers will be interested and gratified by the finding of the Divisional Court in *Harris v. Fiat Motors, Limited*. By the judgment rendered therein it would appear that a car-owner cannot be held responsible for any damage caused by his car through the delegation of his driver when in charge of the vehicle. That is to say, that if the driver chooses to give up the wheel to a friend, the owner of the car is not responsible for any damage that may be done under such circumstances, so long as the delegation of driving responsibility is not rendered necessary by the skilled inspection of the mechanism while running. This would appear to be common-sense, as well as good law, else the delegation might go on indefinitely.

The Club report on the lamps and speedometers submitted to trial some time since must be anxiously awaited in view of the pronouncement by the magistrate sitting at the South-Western Police Court, to the effect that in the matter of speed-gauging a proved speedometer was more to be relied upon than

constabulary timing over a length of 220 yards. The police testimony, as usual in such cases, ran to twenty-five miles per hour, while the speed-gauge, which was demonstrated in open court, showed the car to be travelling at nineteen miles per hour. The magistrate further expressed an opinion that 220 yards was too short a distance over which to take speed-tests, and that mistakes might be made in setting the stop-watches going. At last, at least one Solon of them all sees sweet reasonableness in these matters.

Scarborough, Queen of Watering-Places, is wise in her generation. A short time since the Watch Committee, urged, doubtless, by a few busybodies eager to inconvenience and annoy other people, recommended the Town Council to obtain the restriction of motor-car speed to ten miles per hour within the town, and altogether irrespective of the widths of the roads, which are noble in this charming seaside resort. But the Town Council, strong to perceive their best interests, unanimously rejected the Watch Committee's recommendation, on the ground that it would encourage police-traps, and that motorists would be deterred from visiting the town.

The long-distance top-gear runs, so widely advertised of late, may tempt car-owners to what has been called the "abuse of the top gear." Although these performances are admirable in every way, and do, without doubt, indicate the trend of future construction and design; yet present owners, anxious that their cars should approach thereto, should bear in mind that such drives can only be performed by means of a sufficiently powerful engine, with its impulses properly sub-divided, and the presence of a clutch endowed with quite unusual slipping and driving qualities. Although it is more than pleasant to drive fast and slow, up hill and down, all on one gear, yet there is a tendency to make too much altogether of this capability. There is no hardship and no difficulty in changing gear occasionally on a well-constructed car.

The evidence of the Gibson indicator has been adduced to show how immensely the pressure upon the piston increases in hill-climbing, and how enormously it jumps up as the engine slows down under the work to be performed. The faster the engine runs the less the piston-pressure, consequently the less the blow and wear



A COUNTY CRICKETER AS A MOTORIST: MR. A. C. MACLAREN, OF LANCASHIRE, WHO BOUGHT THE CAR HERE SHOWN WITH THE CHEQUE GIVEN HIM AS A TESTIMONIAL BY SOME OF HIS ADMIRERS.

Mr. A. C. MacLaren here figures at the wheel of a 10-12 h.p. Coventry Humber, which he purchased with the cheque that formed part of a recent testimonial given to him by a number of his admirers. The car was formally handed to Mr. MacLaren after the Lancashire v. Warwickshire match.

Photograph by H. Wade.

and tear on big and little ends, crank-shaft bearings, and all round. Owners of four-cylinder, medium-powered cars should not desire too much to dwell on the top speed.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

EPSOM GOSSIP—WHY NOT PICNICS ON THE EPSOM COURSE?—THE DERBY—TO-DAY'S RACE.

SEEING that Epsom is a free and open meeting, it is strange that only two fixtures per year are held on the famous Surrey hills.

True, an attempt was made many years ago to run an autumn meeting, but it was a failure. I think myself that Bank Holiday races would pay well at Epsom, though it would be hard lines on the Park meetings to rob them of their fixtures. The Epsom course by-the-bye, would make a model steeplechase course, and a meeting under National Hunt rules would, I am certain, be a big draw. But Mr. H. M. Dorling is too jealous of his nice track to allow anything of this sort to take place. All the same, it does seem a shame that the beautiful stands should be used only six days in each year. I have often wondered why the shareholders have not laid themselves out to cater for big picnic parties. It is an ideal place to spend a happy day, and the luncheon-rooms and kitchen in the Grand Stand could easily be brought into use to feed the holiday-makers. I wonder the railway companies do not try to rent the stands for this purpose and run cheap trips throughout the summer. Apart from the Grand Stands, Barnard's Stands and Langland's Stands are good paying properties to their owners—that is, if the weather be fine during the spring and summer fixtures. The Royal Box in the Grand Stand, is now worthy of the name, while the royal luncheon-rooms and retiring-rooms are beautifully fitted. The Press Stand, too, is very convenient, but I do not like Mr. Dorling's way of giving out Press passes. You have to go and ask for these personally, while he should, in my opinion, issue annual tickets, as all other racecourse-managers do. I often pay to go in the Epsom stands myself, because it is too much bother to locate the popular Clerk of the Course. All the same, I think one pound is rather stiff for admission to the Grand Stand, on top of eight-and-sixpence for a return railway ticket.

One of the best Derbys I remember was the race in which Iroquois beat Peregrine. I was writing at the time for the *Cuckoo*, owned by Mr. Owen Hall (the signature "Captain Coe" was started in this paper), and I fancied the colt very much. We issued a special Derby number, and Mr. Phil Robinson parodied "Hiawatha" to the tune of a column, giving Iroquois to win and Peregrine to come second. The poem was published word for word in all the New York papers on the same day, together with the result, and I have never been able to discover who cabled it to them. When St. Gatien and Harvester ran a dead-heat, I had a very funny experience. From information received I had backed St. Gatien for a lot of money, while the very last morning message I had from the course said that Harvester was lame and not likely to run. My mission that day was to stay at home and get the race out for an evening paper, and just before the time for the runners to come up a son of the late Mr. Edmund Yates called to see the result come up. He wanted to know my latest, which was, "St. Gatien, fear nothing." He had just come from one of the clubs, and said Harvester was a certainty. He also wanted to "save" with me. I ridiculed the idea, and then came the "Off." About a couple of minutes later the

tape printed "St. Gatien won," and I had scarcely shouted, "What did I tell you?" when the fatal word "Correction" was sent out. Next followed "Harvester and St. Gatien dead-heat." The gentleman who sent off "St. Gatien won" declares to this day that the horse did win, but I prefer the finding of the judge. When St. Blaise won in 1883 I knew all about the trial that was witnessed by the King, then Prince of Wales, but I did not fancy the colt, for all that. I ought to have given Sainfoin in 1900 for Mr. Joe Davis had dreamed the horse had won, and was very confident. On the other hand, the Kingsclere tout told us he could not possibly beat Surefoot. I did not even give Ormonde in 1896, for a very funny reason. In the early months of 1895 Robert Peck showed my course representative a smart but very small two-year-old, and told him to give the colt every time he ran until he was beaten, and then to give the horse that beat him. This was The Bard, and on the advice of my colleague I gave him sixteen times as a two-year-old, and he won every time. The following year my man stood him for the Derby, and I did not like to throw him over, although I fancied the mighty Ormonde; but, as my colleague said after the race, "The public would have nothing but The Bard until he was beaten."

If Lally wins the Derby this year it will be the first occasion that the Netheravon stable has trained a winner of the Blue Riband of the Turf. The horse is, as I have said before, owned by Mr. Purefoy, a director of the Gaiety Theatre and Romano's. Lally is supposed to have been named after Mr. Lionel Monckton, who is Miss Gertie Millar's

husband. The owner of Picton, Mr. J. L. Dugdale, is a member of the Prince of Wales's Household. The colt is to be ridden by Mr. George Thursby, a brother of Sir J. Thursby. Mr. George is a real good sport. He has hunted a pack of hounds, is a good motorist, and a capital shot. During a recent trip to Jamaica he put on a lot of weight, and on the voyage home he took a turn at stoking in the engine-room of the vessel to get off flesh. Mr. Heinemann, the owner of Malua, is a member of the Stock Exchange. He is immensely rich, and races solely for the fun of the thing. The same remark will apply to the owner of His Eminence, Lord Howard de Walden, who is an expert fencer. Mr. J. A. de Rothschild, who owns Beppo, is a cousin of Lord Dalmeny and a nephew of Mr. Leopold. He is reputed to be worth quite five millions of money, and he is very fond of giving some of it a run. He is, I should say, one of the handsomest men who go racing. The owner of Gorgos, Mr. A. James, was until recently the Senior Steward of the Jockey Club. He is a good sportsman, and has shot tons of big game in his day. Of course, the scene would be something to think and talk about if His Majesty the King were to win with Nulli Secundus. The King won the race with Persimmon and Diamond Jubilee, and is the only owner running a horse this year who has achieved such a feat.

CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our second "City Notes" page.



DERBY NOTE: "RUNNING FOR A PLACE."

DRAWN BY A. LEETE.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

THE day these lines appear in the glories of print will be the eve of the most romantic marriage of modern times. A few short months ago and all the centres of civilisation were stirred by hearing that his Most Catholic Majesty of Spain had "with harp and crown" come wooing to Protestant England. To-morrow the union of two royal lovers will be sped with the heartfelt good wishes of the peoples of the earth. For "all the world loves a lover," and King Alfonso, as the impersonation of bright and joyous youth, has once more shown this hoary old planet that it is good to be young and to live and to love—all that *blasé* and misogynistic folk say notwithstanding. Within his short twenty years of life the young King has had experience of troubrous times as well as pleasant at home and abroad—in his country's recent war with that new land which, by the irony of fate, a Spanish adventurer first discovered; in the bomb of an Anarchist, in worries internecine as well as international. But with composure, courage, and, above all, patience has the young monarch's naturally fiery nature been trained to face all fortunes. It should therefore indeed be with no misgivings that Princess Henry surrenders her fair young daughter to "the Bourbon boy"—for he is no more in years—who has yet proved himself so much a man, in the midst of many events crowding the long and troubled regency of his heroic Queen-Mother.

Of the numberless splendid gifts showered on popular Princess Ena, that which gave most pleasure to her royal fiancé was a beautifully sculptured bust of the bride, presented by forty-five

for example, than a cross of diamonds, which would derive double significance from the fact of Princess Ena having embraced "the ancient faith"?

On dit (those who know) that it was the gaiety and charm of Princess Ena's manner as well as her blonde beauty and *beaux yeux bleus* which won the young King's heart. For if, as Shakspere hath



[Copyright.]

AN ASCOT GOWN.



[Copyright.]

A SIMPLE DESIGN IN BLUE CLOTH.

English ladies, all of whom were known to the Princess. So pleased was the royal recipient that she herself took the bust over to Spain with her personal luggage.

Another much-prized present is that given by the ladies of Scotland, which takes the form of a diamond corsage ornament; the design being appropriately copied from an ancient Scottish brooch in the British Museum. The ladies of Ireland should follow suit with one of the exquisite Celtic designs which abound in the ancient monuments of their country. What more appropriate,

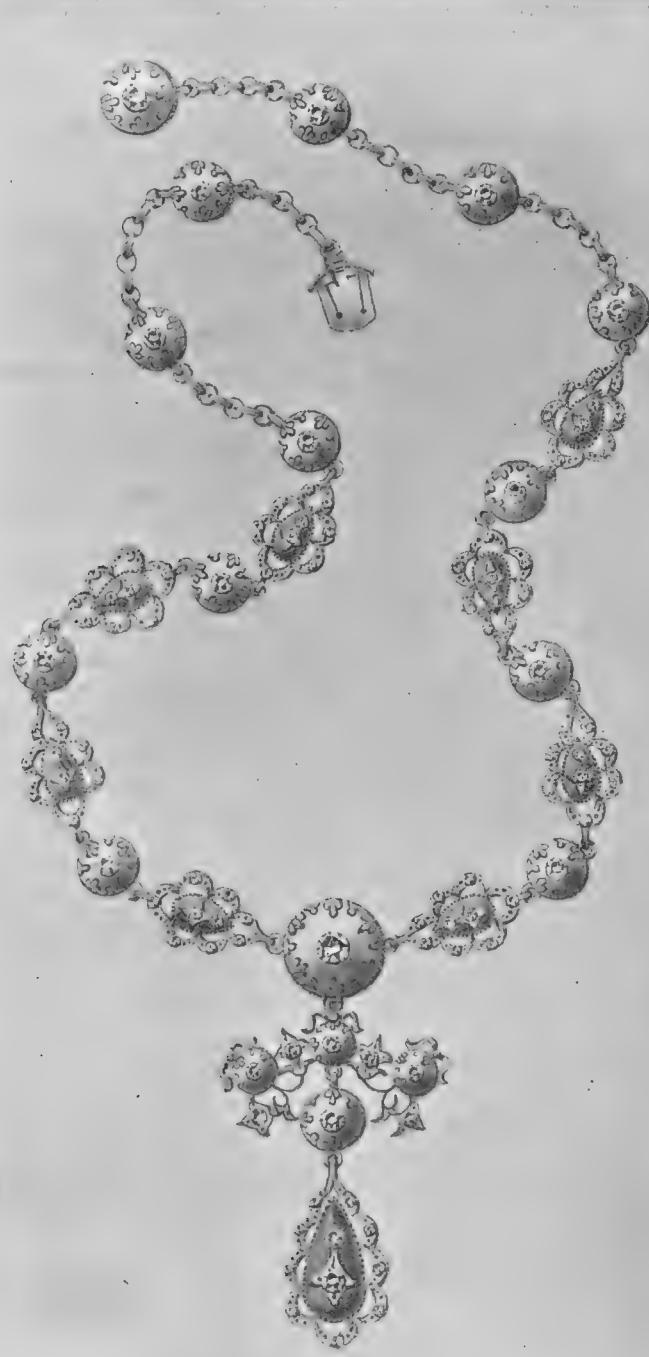
it, manners maketh the man, how infinitely more do they complete and round the charm of woman! Bernard Shaw realised this when he created Lady Cecily Waynflete—absurd, but irresistible as she is by sheer force of that rare quality of charm. Could anyone, too, have filled the part so perfectly, with such gay, compelling spontaneity as Ellen Terry? To three-score-and-ten even may this most fascinating woman live, but never can she lose her youthfulness of soul, her tenderness, her alluring ego, which together have made two generations her faithful slaves.

The charm of what we used to call the country clubs never fades, and custom does not seem to stale the allurements of Hurlingham and Ranelagh, motors and distance-annihilators notwithstanding. The former haunt of what Early Victorian writers called "rank and fashion," has added many attractions to its standing list since the doubtful sport of pigeon-shooting has been "civilised" away, and Saturday brought a very representative and well-dressed crowd, with polo by youthful Guardsmen against Aldershot veterans, and a ladies' driving competition as an object-lesson in courageous effort!

Dover Street has been called Petticoat Lane advisedly, for between the ever-coming newest dressmaker and the ever-opening newest club, that once severe and sober thoroughfare, composed of gloomy town houses and sedate family hotels, has become a way of sweetness and light, conversationally, sartorially, and otherwise. Modistes in Dover Street may come and go, but Lola goes increasingly and unceasingly onwards. Her latest Paris millinery is really worth a visit and an investigation. It is smart, inexpensive, and low-priced. Quite charming and well-built tailor-gowns are obtainable at

seven-and-a-half guineas; original and dainty afternoon frocks from eight-and-a-half guineas.

More and more delicate, dainty, and charming are the jewels sent forth by the artificers of the Parisian Diamond Company as time goes on. One would have thought that the last word had been said about the exquisite intricacies of the gem-setting done by this famous firm, but fresh fields of fortune are being opened up by the novelty and charm of their enamels in combination with gold and



A BEAUTIFUL ADAPTATION OF EARLY SWISS JEWELLERY AT THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY'S.

jewels. The beautiful necklace here illustrated is a glorified adaptation of early Swiss jewellery. In design and execution it is worthy of the most famous craftsmen in the modern or mediæval world.

The excellent Scrubb of our long-tried affection comes prominently before the mind at this afflicting period of the spring clean. With his introduction to the house, the trying ordeal of rubbing paint, pans, pots, and paraphernalia generally into their pristine condition is considerably accelerated, so that even the opposing elements of husband, wife, and domestics become unanimous on the one topic of Scrubb's Household Ammonia and its value in every bath-room, on every toilet-table, and in every housemaid's cupboard in the land.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

JULIA (Aldershot).—Like everyone else, I have heard of the Derma-Featural Company, but really cannot answer your question without investigating the subject, which I propose to do next week, and will then report progress.

SYBIL.

According to the author of a booklet on "Ferrotypes Photography" (published at sixpence by H. Dawson and Co., 42, Norfolk Street, Strand), which is described as "a new pastime," we are likely to see a vigorous revival, in an improved form, of the old "tintypes" with which itinerant photographers made us familiar some years ago. Although produced in a far shorter time, the new ferrotypes are, the author tells us, far superior to the old. The pictures are taken on

metal dry-plates, which are mechanically developed and fixed in two minutes, a few seconds' rinsing in cold water completing the process. Three sets of apparatus at different prices, each including camera, magazine, and the mechanism for developing and fixing, are made by Mr. Fallowfield under the names of the "Quata," the "Taquiquick," and the "Taqua."

Taking advantage of the excellent understanding now existing with France, and with a view to encouraging still further a visit to the French capital, the directors of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway, in conjunction with the Western Railway of France, are arranging to issue every Saturday night, from June 9 to Sept. 29, cheap Saturday to Monday tickets from London to Paris, via Newhaven and Dieppe, at the remarkably low fares of 17s. third class, 22s. 6d. second class, and 30s. first class.

The Great Northern Railway's Whitsuntide holiday programme fully sustains that company's reputation for having made holiday traffic its principal specialty. The excursion arrangements afford opportunities for all classes of holiday-makers, and cover every description of holiday resort. Programmes, giving full particulars, can be obtained on application at any of the company's offices or stations, or from the Chief Passenger Agent, King's Cross Station, London, N.

The South Eastern and Chatham Railway Company announce that from June 9 until September 29 they will issue tickets enabling travellers to pay a Sunday visit to Paris for 20s. These tickets will be available each Saturday (Aug. 4 excepted) by the 9 p.m. service from London to Paris and back, via Dover and Calais. The fares will be: third class, 20s.; second class, 27s. 6d.; first class, 45s.; and passengers will return from Paris by the 9 p.m. service, via Calais and Dover, the following Sunday evening, or by the 8.25 a.m. service the following Monday morning, via Boulogne-Folkestone.

Some important purchases of pedigree cattle for export to their South American farms have just been made by the Lemco and Oxo Companies. They include the noted young bull Premier, which took



SIR THOMAS LIPTON'S TROPHY FOR THE BROOKLYN YACHT CLUB.

The whole design is allegorical, the principal feature being a representation of an ancient galley, having a winged female figure at the stern, indicating speed. The trophy is presented by Sir Thomas J. Lipton for an ocean race from New York to Bermuda for cruising-boats. The design and execution are due to the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Limited, of 112 and 110, Regent Street, W.



THE FIRST-PRIZE BULL 'PREMIER,' PURCHASED BY THE LEMCO AND OXO COMPANIES FOR EXPORT TO THEIR SOUTH AMERICAN FARMS.

first prize at Park Royal and two other shows last year, purchased from Mr. A. E. Hughes, Leominster; and the yearling Hereford bull, Berrington, bought from Mr. J. R. Hill, Orleton Court. The sire of the last-named is Bugle Sound, a celebrated prize-winner, and his dam, Double May, has thirteen generations of the Orleton Court blood in her veins, and traces back to the first volume of the "Hereford Herd-Book." Added to these are numerous other fine animals.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on June 12.

THE monetary situation appears to be slowly getting better, and the position of the Bank has certainly grown stronger. The coin and bullion has increased by £1,800,000, and the reserve is up to 44 per cent., but, despite these favourable factors, the markets have been as lifeless as ever. The general tip is that as soon as matters improve one of the first things to boom will be our old favourites, Hudson Bay shares, and we know that people who, a year ago, thought they were over-valued now take the other side. It can hardly hurt to buy just now, for dividend prospects are bright.

The Great Cobar issue, to which we alluded last week, has come, and, on the whole, the complete prospectus bears out our forecast; while the report of Mr. Rolker is a satisfactory document. On its ore reserves, perhaps, the capital is justified, but as the plant will have to be recast at considerable expense we could wish the vendors had taken a lower cash consideration. At present there does not seem any great risk of a break in the price of copper, so that profits should be assured, in addition to which the Great Cobar Company can well afford to see the metal as low as £70 a ton without much anxiety.

Our illustration this week of Mormugao Bay, on the west coast of India, about 150 miles south of Bombay, shows the depôts of the Asiatic Petroleum Company and of the Burmah Oil Company. The steamer *El Guisr*, lying alongside the jetty, is pumping into the tank of the Asiatic Company, while the other tank is the property of the well-known Burmah concern, a company which has its head office in Glasgow and is financed by Scotch capital.

ANGLO "A" AND OTHER TELEGRAPH STOCKS.

Justifying the rise in Anglo "A" by references to the Company's cable reserve fund having reached a round million pounds, bulls of the stock argue that the interest on this money will prove ample to meet ordinary charges for cable renewals and so forth, setting free a large slice of profit for the service of the Deferred stock's dividend. The character of the buying points to a further rise in this meteoric stock, but the investor will be better served by having his attention drawn to the Company's Preferred stock, standing at about 114 $\frac{1}{2}$. Quarterly dividends make up 6 per cent. for the year, so that the return is nearly 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on the money. With the rise in Anglo "A" has come a smaller advance, based on very similar grounds, in Direct United States Cable shares. They are £20 shares, fully paid, and stand about 16. The "Eastern" group of telegraph issues is exceedingly quiet, and 5 per cent. can be obtained from investment either in Eastern Telegraph Ordinary stock or Eastern Extension shares. One or two of the West Indian Companies are fighting furiously over some contract, and the upshot of the dispute is not unlikely to be the Colonial Office giving permission for a new cable to be laid to compete with the present undertakings. Globe Telegraph and Trust Ordinary shares seldom move, and the Preference shares, frequently recommended here as a quiet, sober investment, have steadily moved up to the present price of 15, which puts them on the basis of returning 4 per cent. to an investor at the current quotation.

THE CALGARY AND EDMONTON LAND COMPANY.

From all sides comes evidence that 1906 is to witness another wonderful rush of immigrants to the Canadian North-West. This was only to be expected from the great prosperity due to good harvests in the "Fertile Belt," and to the railway expansion going on. The Canadian Northern line, opened only in December last, has provided another route from Winnipeg to Edmonton, and farms are being taken and houses built all along the line as fast as materials can be supplied. The construction of the Grand Trunk Pacific, again, will make accessible millions of acres suitable for cultivation, and there is talk of yet another through line to be built by Mr. Hill. The largest immediate gainer from this extraordinary expansion will be, of course, the *Hudson Bay Company*, the owner of one-twentieth of all the surveyed land in the "Fertile Belt," a district of over 1000 miles from east to west, and about 350 miles from north to south. This Company's annual report, which is due in a week or two, cannot fail to be most satisfactory, and although the return at the present price of the shares may be only moderate, those who hold them for a few years are likely to find the investment a profitable one. That Hudson Bay shares will ultimately stand at over £100 apiece may be regarded as one of the certainties of the future.

Another Company, the *Calgary and Edmonton Land Company*, is also deriving

great benefit from the increasing value of its land. A comparison of the price it has obtained for its land in the last three years shows how prices are improving. The figures are—

		Acre Sold.	Average Price per Acre. Dollars.
1903	..	129,975	4·12
1904	..	92,047	4·50
1905	..	79,032	5·07
1906 (first four months)	..	25,798	5·76

At the end of April 1906 the company still had unsold 277,000 acres, and, seeing that its policy has been to sell what may be called the inferior portion of its land, and retain that which is more likely to increase in value, it is highly probable that more than the present average price will be obtained for the unsold portion. Assuming, however, that only 5 dollars an acre is obtained, the value of the Company's assets works out as follows—

Cash in hand	£90,000
Due from Canadian Government	10,000
Unpaid instalments	280,000
277,000 acres at 5 dollars	277,000
Total	£657,000

As there are 241,510 shares, this gives a value of over 54s. per share.

In this estimate I have taken no account of the valuable mineral rights over 1,000,000 acres, parts of which are known to be coal-bearing. A thorough inspection is being made of this portion of the Company's property, and a separate company may not improbably ultimately be formed to develop them.

May 26, 1906.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

Many thanks to an unknown reader for a delicate compliment. It is not often that I am made aware that my lucubrations are studied by anyone but the printer, except on those occasions when some error (printer's, of course) occurs in one of these letters. This week, however, my Able Editor telephones that a correspondent

refers to something I said about the necessity for buying "good" Kaffirs, and asks for examples. There's the compliment. Well, the original suggestion should certainly have been supplemented by instances, an omission which I hasten to rectify now. In the next upward movement amongst Kaffirs, it seems to me that permanent improvement will come to such shares as pay fair dividends on the money, and have a reasonable hope as regards the length of the companies' lives. A speculative share which has fallen nearly a sovereign in price within the last seven weeks is Knight's. The concern is credited with a twenty years' life: it declared 3s. dividend last year, thus giving a yield of 5 per cent. at the present price of £3, and its crushings for the first four months of the present year run 8400, 9200, 9500, and 11,000 ounces, in round figures. Robinson Central Deep pays better on the money, but its existence is limited, on estimate, to a dozen years. City and Suburban are now about 4, and the mine turns out over

17,000 ounces a month, has seventeen years to live, and on the basis of the 1905 dividends the shares yield all but 10 per cent. on the money. One more example can be seen in Simmer and Jack, where the return is over 7 per cent., and a long life is considered assured. There are many others, similar to these, which may be included in a list of "good" speculative shares—something more than sheer gambles like Anglo-Transvaal Lands, which are recommendable only to those prepared to lose money in the pursuit of a frank speculation.

From previous remarks, it will have been gathered that I, for one, have little hope of the Kaffir Circus going better yet awhile. There is no need to lose hope and throw away shares at present prices, but the holder must be prepared perhaps even for a repetition of the present dull, dreary staleness day after day through the coming summer. All the same, nobody with any experience of the Stock Exchange can deny that a revival might come like the proverbial thief in the night—to steal, of course, the bank-balances of the bears and to transfer them to those of the bulls, if there are any of the latter sort left.

That most unpleasant of all office-companions, suspicion, had been aroused in a stockbroker's office, money and stamps both vanishing in unaccountable fashion. The suspicion fell upon one of the clerks, and eventually a detective was called in to see if he could catch the culprit red-handed. Posted behind a large screen, which stood in front of a good-sized looking-glass, the detective was placed in such a position as to enable him to observe all that went on in the office. His presence was, of course, unknown to the staff. All the morning he waited and watched; all the afternoon and evening, but to no purpose. On the second day he took his stand on a stool which gave him a rather better view. The suspected clerk, dashing into the office in a violent hurry, fell against the screen, knocked it down, and disclosed the unknown visitor on his stool! *Tableau!*

Japanese bonds continue to be in great request for Continental consumption. The 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. issues are as good as anything of the kind in the market, and either series can be bought with safety, and a fairly probable advance in the capital value to par. Some people ask why the old Fours should be higher in price than the new, and the reply is simply that the latter loan is not yet so well placed as its predecessor. Until the underwriters are "out," the premium cannot make much headway, but when the issue gets into more permanent hands, the probabilities favour a rise to, say, 94 or 95. The bonds should be worth locking up. So, in a very different market, are Lyons shares. Disappointment was professed at the dividend not being 40 per cent., but 37 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. is only sixpence a share away from the anticipation, and the Company is doing wonderfully well. Its management deserves any nice thing that any shareholder can find to say about it. Whether the apex of prosperity has been reached it is very difficult to say, but for a six months lock up, the shares look cheap enough to buy: the price is still *cum-dividend*.

Newspapers published for the City man—using the term in its wider sense—are naturally very precise and exact in their statements. Otherwise, who would read



MORMUGAO BAY AND ANCHORAGE.

From a Photograph by Mr. A. F. de Lina.

them? Therefore, it is a trifle singular that the *Financial Times* should daily announce that it "has the largest circulation of any financial newspaper in the world," while the *Financial News* declares every day that it "has from its establishment in 1884 continuously had, and still has, the largest circulation of any financial newspaper in the world." The earnest searcher after truth may well wonder, with me, at the remarkable similitude of the two statements, upon both of which modesty is so largely writ, and one of which would appear to be founded upon a misapprehension with reference to statistics.

Why Indian Sterling Loans should have so fallen out of favour with investors it is difficult to explain. For the 3 per cents to be selling around 96 is anomalous, seeing that Local Loans are over 99, the security of India being, of course, unimpeachable. The 3½ per cent. stock ranks as a full trustee investment, and pays £3 8s. on the money, as I believe was pointed out in last week's *Sketch*. Water Board stock is another cheap security in the gilt-edged list. By-the-way, the impression grows in the Stock Exchange that not so many years hence there will be a Metropolitan Dock Board, just as we now have a Metropolitan Water Board; and there is nothing fresh in the idea of a Metropolitan Lighting Board, which shall have control of gas, electricity, and similar forces. The L.C.C., with its new Electric Power Bill, aims at the establishment of what will practically be a monopoly of this particular business; and when we have miniature electric-power stations in every street the problem of the electric-omnibus will be on a fair way to solution.

What earthly idiocy will be started after the bus-ticket maniacs are satisfied, heaven only knows!

No great privilege attaches to the new issue of Great Western Ordinary stock. The Company would have done better to offer it at a lower price, or to give some advantage in dividend which would have made the stock attractive, and provided a bonus on the existing Ordinary. As it is, there appears to be every likelihood of a good slice being left over—more especially as the allotment is not on a *pro rata* scale—and everyone knows what that will result in: more stock constantly dribbled out to the market; more reasons for dulness in the price; more depression of the Heavy stocks generally. By-the-bye, how mad the Midland must be at the Great Western getting ahead of it in the matter of asking for money! The only question is which will be the next of the big railway companies to ask for fresh capital.

After all, 4 per cent. with safety isn't such a bad scheme. Melbourne Harbour Fours, Egyptian Unified, Grand Trunk Pacific Fours or Trunk First Preference, Brighton Railway Preferred, Argentine Great Western Second Debenture, Atchison Convertible bonds—these are some stocks that will bring in very nearly 4 per cent., and can be slept upon without a care by young or old. They would belie even the learned friar himself who said—

Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
And where care lodges sleep can never lie.

But to have no money is best, for then it can cause you no care. In which remark I wonder how many will be found to agree with

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

May 26, 1906.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, *The Sketch* Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

C. J. B.—(1) We cannot thoroughly recommend any of the outside advertising brokers, but the people you name are perhaps the most reliable, so far as such a word is permissible. (2) The system will end in your losing money, as all gambling on "cover" does; but probably experience only will convince you.

A REGULAR READER.—We believe the bonds are very good for the interest they return, and the Company is said to be already earning a good bit over bond

interest, although its power station is not likely to be in work for another year. You cannot expect *absolute* security with nearly six per cent.

J. W.—You misunderstood "The House Haunter." He did not intend to advise the purchase of Kaffirs, but merely advised people who were bent on buying not to choose rubbish. The following might suit: (1) Anglo-French, (2) Ferreira Deep, (3) Goldfields, (4) Jumpers, (5) Langlaagte, (6) City and Suburban; but see the House Haunter's letter in this issue.

A. H.—(1) You leave out of your calculations the increase in working expenses, from which all Argentine Railways are suffering. We still think the Income Bonds cheap at 73. (2) Nitrate Railway shares are promising. (3) So are the Cédulas, if you have patience.

W. S. H.—Your letter was answered on the 23rd inst.

PERSEVERANCE.—We think you may hold Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 5 as investments, with some risk in the case of the last two. No. 4 we do not like; it has been financing too many other enterprises, and its future depends on their success. As to the tin shares, this does not seem the time to clear out. The mine is a big producer, and the price of the metal, if maintained, can hardly fail to make it yield profits.

J. F.—Your letter was answered on the 24th inst.

A. S. Y.—You will not get 10 per cent. on your money from any office. The only way for you to get such an income as you suggest is to invest the money in reasonable securities to yield, say, 5½ per cent., and use an increasing portion of the principal each year until you are left with nothing. The drawback to the Chinese stock is that the interest is paid in silver, and that silver is depreciated. The capital is repaid in silver also. The actual yield is about 6 per cent. at the last rate of exchange.

SPIRO.—From a dividend point of view the steel shares are not cheap, but that trade is on the boom, and profits will probably increase. The Rubber Company, like most of them, is a speculation, but not a bad one. There is a new Uganda Rubber Company coming out in a few weeks, which we believe to be a very good one.

K. Y. Y.—The Bank is quite sound, and has the finest business in South Africa; but in the present bad times it is quite possible losses may be made, and the dividend reduced still more. All depends on the state of the country during the next few years.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

All roads lead to Epsom this week, and according to the authorities the race for the Derby will be the best seen for years, as the horses are all on a par. I shall confidently predict the success of Lally, and I think Malua and Gorgos will be placed. For the Oaks I like Waterflower, and I think Pretty Polly will have an easy task in the Coronation Cup. For some of the other events I fancy the following: Stewards' Handicap, Sella; Town Plate, Chelys; Royal Stakes, Xeny; Durdans Plate, St. Wulfram; Great Surrey Foal Stakes, Hexagon; Horton Handicap, Athelta; Acorn Stakes, Futurity; Belmont Handicap, Tripping; Chipstead Plate, Caravel. At Kempton Park the following should run well: Windsor Castle Handicap, Gold Coin; Kingston Handicap, The Greek; Redfern Plate, Chestnut Sunday; Addlestone Plate, Marliacea; Kenton Court Plate, Ambrose. I think Vincula will win the Holiday Handicap at Hurst Park on Whit Monday, and Tipperary has a chance for the Vyner Handicap. Gingal may win the Whitsuntide Plate, and, if started, Lally ought to capture the Yearling Plate on Tuesday.

EVERY WORD IN THIS BOOK IS
HELPFUL TO THE INVESTOR.

Investment

Is written by experts, with an inside knowledge on Investment.

This work will enable you to increase your income from your investments profitably, as it shows you

HOW TO WATCH THE MARKETS

and makes clear every kind of Stock Exchange Transaction.

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The Stock Markets: How to Profit by Them. How and When to Operate in Home and American Railts. How to Invest in Mines. The Controlling Groups in the Mining Market. Guiding Principles for Investors in New Issues. Marginal Investment: The Prudent Operator's Favourite Method Explained. Instalment Investment: Investment for Small Capitalists. Call Option: The System Fully Explained. Insurance as a Means of Raising, Saving, and Investing Money. Protection of Capital and Increase of Income.

If you mention the "Sketch" this book will be sent to you free. Address: The Secretary, London & Paris Exchange, Basildon House, Bank, London, E.C.



STATE EXPRESS CIGARETTES

No. 555:

4/9 per 100; 1/3 per 25.

Of all Tobacconists and Stores throughout the World.

SOLE INVENTORS:

ARDATH TOBACCO CO.,
LONDON, E.C.

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present Exhibition of

Tasteful & Refined Furniture

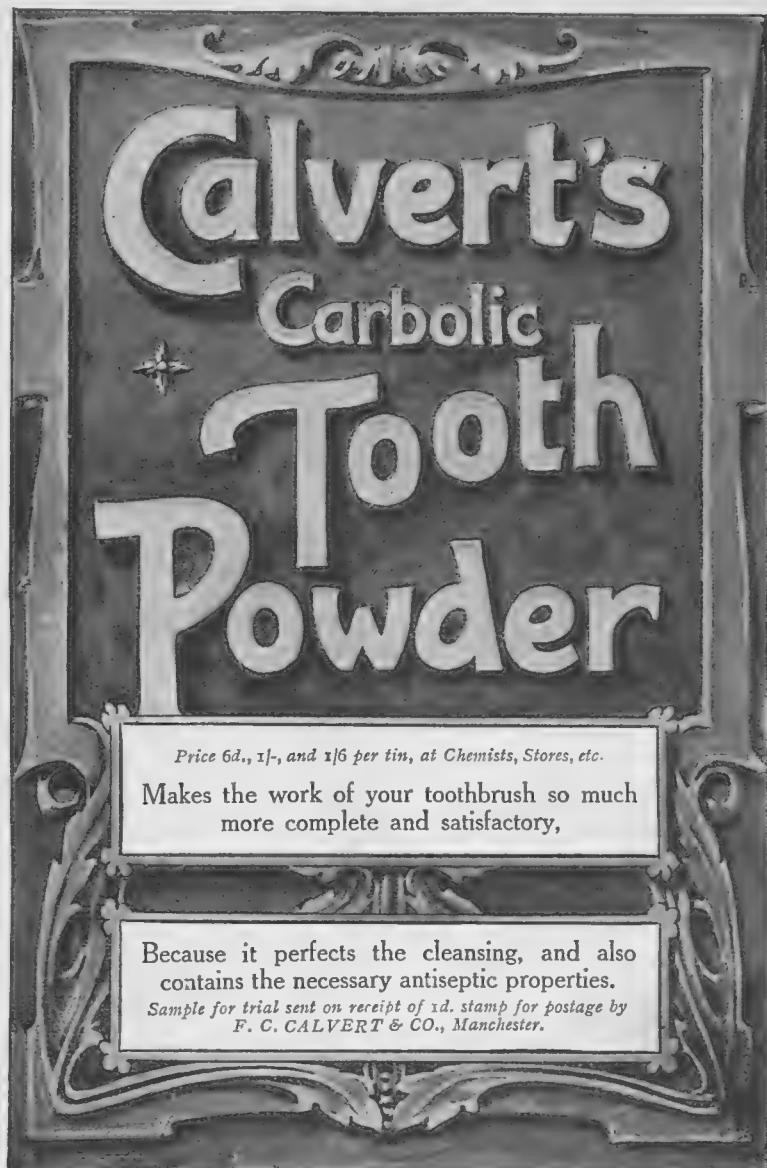
comprises many interesting adaptations of the best XVIIth and XVIIIth Century Models.



Hamptons' No. C 2035 5 ft. Mahogany Sideboard in the "Adam" Style.

For Hamptons' latest designs in Dining-Room Furniture, see Catalogue C 209, now ready, sent post free.

Pall Mall East, London, S.W.



Wedding Presents in Solid Silver

at the

Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company, Ltd.



By Appointment to
H.M. the King.

RISE IN THE PRICE OF SILVER.

The continued rise in the price of Silver has taken the price of the metal to the highest point it has reached since 1896.

THE Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company, Ltd.,

have steadily purchased Silver at the lower rate, and have now in stock over

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made up into the finest stock in the world of Tea and Coffee Services, Trays, Waiters, Prize Cups, Bowls, &c.

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Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company, Ltd.,

have, however, not increased their prices, which are based on the lower price of silver.

The Company, therefore, advise an immediate purchase, as an unparalleled opportunity is afforded of buying the finest London-made Silver Goods, specially suitable for Presentation, Wedding, and Complimentary Presents, under exceptionally advantageous circumstances; the prices being far below those of any other house in the trade.

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BEDFORDAt New and Enlarged
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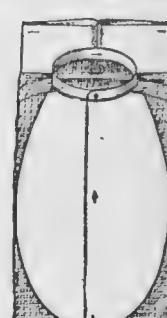


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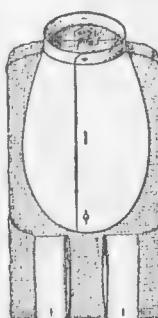
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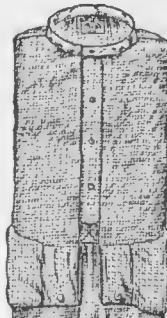
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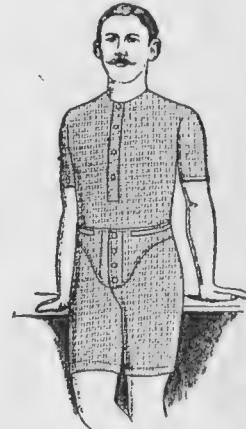
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NONE GENUINE
WITHOUT THIS LABEL

THE ORIGINAL CELLULAR

THE HEALTHIEST SHIRTS AND UNDERWEAR.

The body, being "Clothed with Air," the best non-conductor of heat, is protected from the effects of outer heat or cold, while the action of the pores of the skin is not impeded.



AN IDEAL SUIT OF SUMMER
UNDERWEAR FOR - 5/-

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LECTURER: "Now this, Ladies and Gentlemen, is a magnified specimen of an ordinary drop of drinking water."

OLD PARTY IN AUDIENCE: "After this, Maria, I shall only take Perrier Water with my whisky."

May 18th 1906

Dunlop 700 x 85 -
Run 6,746 miles -
Never had a puncture
altho driven thro winter
H. Berrington

DUNLOP QUALITY!

Bidston, Saltburn-by-Sea.

Gentlemen,

Noticing an advertisement in "The Sketch," I had the enclosed photo taken of one of my **DUNLOP TYRES**, which has run **6,746 MILES**, and appears to be good for as much again. It has never been punctured or repaired in any way.

Yours faithfully,

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MARIANI

4/- PER BOTTLE 45/- PER DOZ.

MARIANI WINE possesses truly remarkable SUSTAINING, RECUPERATIVE, and INVIGORATING POWERS. Of this there is no doubt. Its success and merits are appreciated by all who have tried it, whilst its beneficial effect and high medicinal value have caused it to be recognised and

RECOMMENDED BY 8500 PHYSICIANS

for those suffering from GENERAL DEBILITY, Weakness, Brain Fag, Exhaustion, Nervous Breakdown, and WANT OF ENERGY, and also for CONVALESCENTS as

**THE BEST AND SUREST
TONIC* RESTORATIVE**

THE EFFECT OF A SINGLE GLASS IS APPRECIABLE AT ONCE.

Of all Chemists and Stores; or delivered free from WILCOX, 49, Haymarket, London, S.W.

MORTIMERS,
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Dyers and Cleaners,
PLYMOUTH.

"It gives me great pleasure to let you know how glad I am I took your advice and had a Regent. Considering that I had never driven a motor-car previously, it speaks volumes for the simplicity and general reliability of the car when I tell you that since taking it from you, after a few hours' lessons, I have driven it some seven thousand miles and have never yet had a breakdown."



THE CAR OF UP-TO-DATE DESIGN.

The car that is good enough to earn such encomiums as the above must surely be something out of the common! That is what we claim for the REGENT. It is up-to-date in every respect. All the weaknesses of other designs are eliminated, and the result is a car simple to drive, reliable, smart, speedy, and yet light on tyres.

18 H.P. FOUR CYLINDERS. COMPLETE WITH SIDE ENTRANCE BODY. YOUR CHEQUE FOR

£550 SECURES IMMEDIATE POSSESSION.

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CARPET BEATING
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CARPET BEATING
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196, YORK ROAD, KINGS CROSS, N.
CARPETS SHAMPOOED.

"Benger's Food feeds us both."

Both mother and child benefit by taking Benger's Food.

Although it is primarily a nutritive food for the use of those suffering from digestive debility, or during severe illness, convalescence, or the weakness of advancing age, a course of Benger's Food is of the greatest advantage to those enjoying the best of health.

Benger's Food assists nature.

When prepared it forms a dainty and delicious cream, highly nutritive and entirely free from rough and indigestible particles. Infants thrive on it and delicate and aged persons enjoy it.



Sold in tins by Chemists, &c., everywhere.

IS IT WORTH RISKING?

SIR ALEXANDER BINNIE (late Chief Engineer of the London County Council), in reference to

LONDON'S WATER SUPPLY

made the following statement (see *Standard*, April 23, 1906):

"IF THE PRESENT STATE OF THINGS CONTINUES,"

"THERE WILL ARISE AMONG THE TEEMING MILLIONS"

"OF LONDON AN EPIDEMIC WHICH WILL"

"STARTLE THE WORLD."**COMPLETE PROTECTION**

from all water-borne diseases assured by use of a

"BERKEFELD" FILTER.

GERM PROOF.

SIMPLE IN CONSTRUCTION.



FILTERS
from
7/6
UPWARDS.

EASILY CLEANED.

Price of Filter as shewn in Sketch, **30/-**
Call and See Filters in Operation or Write for an Illustrated Price List.

THE BERKEFELD FILTER CO., Ltd.,
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12 CURLERS IN BOX.
Post Free 8 Stamps.
Do not Entangle or Break the Hair.

MADE IN FIVE COLOURS.
FOR VERY BOLD CURLS, TRY OUR
"IMPERIAL" CURLERS, same price.
Of all Hairdressers and Fancy Dealers.

FOR the HAIR.

To PRESERVE, NOURISH, RESTORE, and BEAUTIFY your Hair you should use only

ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL

which closely resembles the NATURAL OIL in the HAIR which Nature provides for its preservation; without it the hair becomes Dry, Thin, and Withered, and Baldness follows. No other article contains this Necessary Nourishment. LADIES should always use it for their CHILDREN'S HAIR, because it lays the foundation of a LUXURIOUS GROWTH. Also sold in a Golden Colour for Fair or Grey Hair. Sizes 3/6, 7/6, 10/6, of Stores, Hairdressers, Chemists, and Rowland's, 67, Hatton Garden, London.

BENSON'S

Opals and Brilliants, £13.
Brilliants, £8. 10s.
Brilliants and Sapphires, £20.
Brilliants and Rubies, £13.

Pearls and Brilliants, £30.
Brilliants and Rubies, or Sapphires, £17.
Brilliants, £4 4s.
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Brilliants, £63.

BEST QUALITY. LOWEST PRICES.

BY "The Times" SYSTEM OF **MONTHLY PAYMENTS.**

Benson's do not charge extra for purchasing this way.

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No. 1, of Watches, Chains, & Jewellery.
No. 2, of Clocks, "Imperial Plate," & Bags.
No. 3, of Silver Articles for Presents.
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NOTE PAPER, 5 Quires, 1s.

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Every Sheet and Envelope Watermarked **HIERATICA**. Reject Imitations. Any difficulty in obtaining, send stamps to our new address, Hieratica Works, Hill Street, Finsbury, London, E.C. Samples Free. Parcels Carriage Paid in U.K.

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Court Dressmaker & Milliner,

Begs to announce that all the

LATEST PARIS MODELS in

Evening Dresses, and Gowns for Ascot

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Pretty Day Frocks, from 8½ Gs.

Smart Tailor Frocks, from 7½ Gs.

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Young Ladies' Evening Gowns,
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LA DERNIÈRE
CRÉATION
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THE LATEST
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CORSETS
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REGENT ST.,
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"LE CORSET KRUTOID"
(Registered).

CANNOT BE OBTAINED ELSEWHERE.

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CURES CORPULENCY.

The Great Continental Cure
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Over half-a-million packets sold
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DALLOFF TEA is a safe, harmless,
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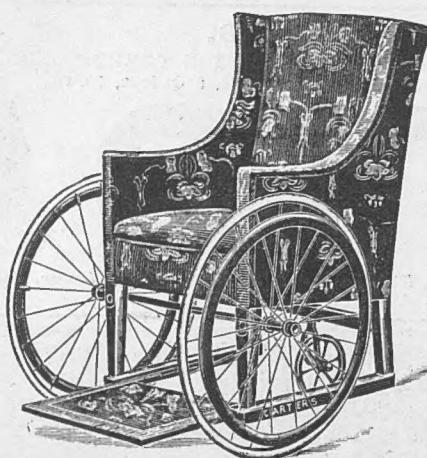
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successfully tried by my patients; it
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Possesses a
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that is all its
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delightfully
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In France
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USE IT DAILY IN BASIN AND BATH.
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Mr. ERNEST, who was established for fifteen years on Fifth Avenue, New York City, before opening in London, now cordially invites **AMERICAN LADIES** to call and inspect his original models and compare prices, workmanship, and style, before placing their orders elsewhere, all materials used being of the very finest quality procurable.

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In order to cope with the great increase of business, additional new Workrooms have been added.

EXPERT FRENCH AND ENGLISH FITTERS FOR
AFTERNOON GOWNS,
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TAILOR-MADE COATS
AND SKIRTS,
BRIDE AND BRIDESMAIDS'
DRESSES,
MILLINERY.

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Just Published.

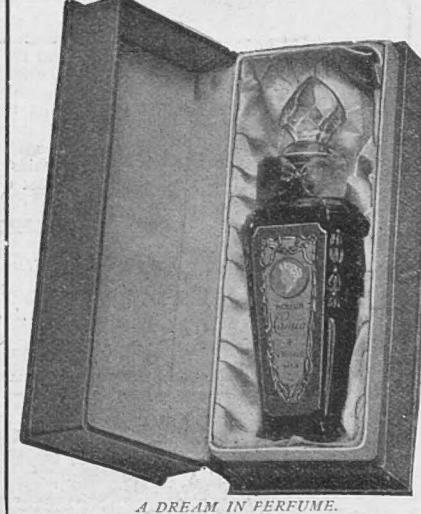
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A Bottle of

CAMIA EXTRACT,

in a Handsome Silk Case, sent Post Free to any address in the United Kingdom on receipt of Postal Order for

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MISS EDNA MAY writes:
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Write for Free Sample Perfumed Card.

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RICHFORD & CO., Dept. H,
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Est. 1876. Also at 153, Fleet Street, E.C.



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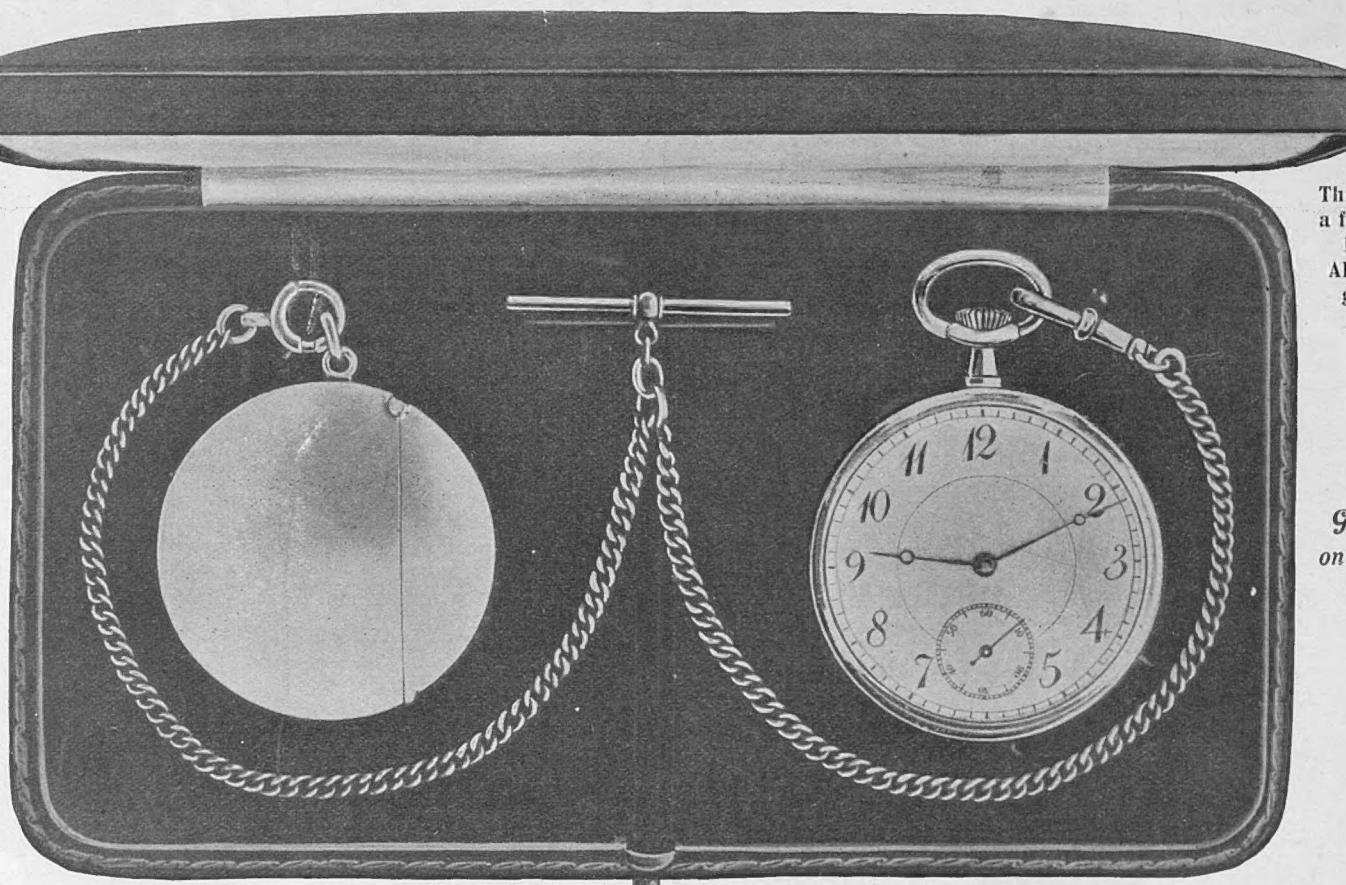
A thin Watch, thin Match-Box, and Chain, all in Solid Gold.

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Write
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This watch is
a fully jewelled
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ABSOLUTELY
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Desired.



In Morocco Case, complete, £6, all Solid Gold.

Separately: Match-Box, £1 15 0 ... Chain, £1 10 0 ... Watch, £3 3 0

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DOLLOND'S

War Office
Field Glasses

AT HALF PRICE.

THESE are exceptionally fine and powerful **12** lens Binoculars having a magnification of 25 times super. They are eminently suitable for Racing, Tourists or Marine use, as the **Government experts** have selected this glass as being the best and strongest all-round Field Glass that it is possible to make.

They are manufactured in our own works in London, and our regular list price is £4 4s., but owing to the fact that we have a large number that are $1\frac{1}{2}$ ounces heavier than the Government specification allows (otherwise exactly the same as supplied to the War Office and used by the British Army throughout the world) we

Full Size. Weight in Case, 28 oz.

to the War Office and used by the are offering them until sold out at

42/- POST FREE. (Foreign Orders 3/- extra.)

We send them Post Free on Approval for 7 days against Cash or London Trade reference.

The *Brystander* says: "From the stand they threw up the colours of the riders at the start of the Jubilee Handicap. They are light to handle, and look very smart in their pigskin covering. Certainly the Binoculars are wonderfully cheap at two guineas."

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WORKS: KIRBY ST., HATTON GARDEN, LONDON.

THE ORIGINAL MAKE
PATENT COMPRESSED
CANE TRUNKS.Guaranteed to be the Lightest, Strongest,
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CAUTION:—Do not be imposed on by closely copied imitations, which are frequently substituted for the sake of extra profit, and be sure the brass triangular Trade Mark is on every Trunk, without which none are genuine. All Shapes and Sizes, to be obtained from all principal Stores and Dealers throughout the Kingdom. Wholesale only—23, FEATHERSTONE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

SIR JOHN BENNETT, Ltd.,

SAFETY
BROOCHES.65, CHEAPSIDE,
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Pearls and Turquoises, or all
Pearls, 16s. 6d.Pearls and Turquoises, or all
Pearls, £1.Pearls, or Turquoises and Pearls,
£1 10s.

We would notify our Customers that we are now showing all the Newest and Fashionable Designs in Amethyst and Fancy Stone Novelties, also Gem and Diamond Rings, Pendants, Bracelets, Brooches, &c. Engagement Rings and Bridesmaids' Presents a Specialty. Best Quality and Lowest Cash Prices.

Diamonds, £5 15s.
Sapphire or Ruby
and Diamond, £5 5s.Diamonds, £12 10s.
All sizes in stock
from £8 to £100.Sapphires and Diamonds, £15.
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Illustrated Catalogue of
Watches, Clocks,
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REDUCED RAIL & HOTEL RATES
Particulars Free from
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THE FAMOUS DUTCH RESORT
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